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HITLER'S AERIAL "BLITZKRIEG" FRUSTRATED AFTER SEVEN DAYS

READY TO MEET THE INVADERS
 Australian "Diggers" in the Egyptian desert, at the alert as warning of the approach of Italian planes is given. Over 150,000 Australian and New Zealand troops—sons of the famous Anzacs—are in the Near and Middle East, ready to meet the Italians when the anticipated invasion of Egypt begins.



NAZIS MAY TAKE ALL FRANCE

New Crisis for Vichy
 Special to the "Telegraph"
 NEW YORK, Sept. 13 (Domei).—Italy and Germany may occupy the whole of France, according to an "Associated Press" despatch from Washington.

GRAZIANI ATTACKS

Planes And Troops Towards Egypt

SPECIAL TO THE "TELEGRAPH"
 ROME, Sept. 13 (UP).—A Fascist communique issued today indicates that the Italian Air Force is attempting to blast a path along the Egyptian coast for the Italian troops.
 Although no official communique on the subject has been issued, it is becoming increasingly evident that the Italians have invaded Egypt.
 General Graziani, the butcher of Ethiopia, is reported to be pushing along the coast towards Alexandria.
 The "Telegraph" says that the Italian aim is to capture Alexandria as soon as possible.
 The systematic bombings of the Egyptian coast during the past week are interpreted as a major part of the Italian offensive.
 Alexandria is 300 miles from the main Italian bases.

Conscription In Burma

RANGOON, Sept. 13 (Reuters).—The Speaker read out in the House of Representatives today a message from the Governor, stating that the Governor had enacted, in the national service for European British subjects, an act providing for compulsory service of European British subjects either in the armed forces or in civil works.

ENEMY CONVOY BOMBED

R.A.F. Attack
 LONDON, Sept. 13 (Reuters).—Coastal Command Blenheims raided an enemy convoy off Calais and dropped 4,000 pounds of bombs.
 Escorting E-boats were machine-gunned and four enemy fighters were destroyed in this operation.

Dive-Bombing Attack On Busy London Road

LONDON, Sept. 13 (Reuters).—During London's third air raid warning, a plane was heard to dive over London with its engines cut out, and after zooming upwards, it released high-explosive and incendiary bombs which set fire to premises.
 Scores of pedestrians fell full length on the roadway and pavement, while others raced for shelter.
 Five bombs were dropped by a single German raider which dived suddenly through low clouds and attacked one south-east town during the morning.
Gas Main Burst
 One bomb fell directly on the centre of a road, bursting the gas main but flames were extinguished. Incendiary bombs started over 12 fires across the centre of another south-east coast town this evening.
 Hitherto only one is reported killed but a number were injured.
 As the result of last night's raid on a north-west town, seven deaths are hitherto reported.

BUT INVASION PREPARATIONS ARE CONTINUED

By EDWARD W. BEATTIE
 UNITED PRESS WAR CORRESPONDENT
 LONDON, SEPT. 13 (UP).—THE SEVEN DAYS' SMASH ATTACKS ON LONDON HAVE CONVINCED MANY MILITARY EXPERTS THAT THE AIR BLITZKRIEG HAS PROVED TO BE A FAILURE AS THE SPEARHEAD TO AN INVASION OR A BODY BLOW TO THE BRITISH WAR EFFORT.
 Hitler's invasion fleet is now creeping down the French coast, shock troops are massing across the English Channel and the railways are rushing more men and materials to the coastal area. But the mass raids of the past month, especially of the last week, have neither seriously weakened British defences nor halted essential production.
 By Germany's own testimony the raids of the past week have been an "all out" affair aimed solely and simply at paralysing London and demoralising the population.

Previously the waves of German attack concentrated on airdromes and industries throughout the country. Now almost the same numbers have been hurled against the British capital.
Frustrated
 If it is true that these most recent raids represent the supreme effort of the Nazi Luftwaffe then, according to growing opinion, Britain has the air blitzkrieg frustrated.
 The raids have done a great amount of damage from the coastline far back into the country but with few exceptions, like the London docks and some factories, the damage has been confined to non-essential structures, most of them civilian homes.
 The raids will always bring damage, but with constant improvements in the British defences there is no reason to suppose future attacks delivered with the same force as the recent ones will be any more deadly.

Hitler Confers
 SPECIAL TO THE "TELEGRAPH"
 BERLIN, Sept. 13 (Domei).—Hitler conferred with the Chiefs of his three defence services today.
 Observers characterise the meeting as one of the utmost importance.

ITALIANS DETAIN TURKISH SHIP
 ISTANBUL, Sept. 13 (Reuters).—The Turkish cargo steamer, Sakarya, 2,800 tons, is reported to have been stopped by Italian warships and detained at the island of Lerda.
 It is understood that the Turkish Foreign Minister is making a pressing demarche to the Italian Government for immediate release of the steamer and cargo.

STORY OF RAID ON PALACE

LONDON, Sept. 13 (Reuters).—A "spotter" in one nearby building, describing the bombing of Buckingham Palace, said a plane came out of the clouds right over the Palace.
 "I was petrified as I saw five bombs coming down towards the Palace," he said. "It was not indiscriminate bombing. It was a definite attack."
 As soon as the "All-Clear" was sounded, the King and Queen returned to their apartments, and shortly afterwards left the Palace on a tour which was arranged yesterday.
 As they left the Palace, both the King and Queen appeared quite unshaken by their experience.

GERMANS HARRIED

By Terrific R.A.F. Attacks

LONDON, Sept. 13 (Reuters).—R.A.F. bombers on Thursday night continued to harry the German invasion plans and struck at the network of vital railway junctions and goods-yards in Western Germany despite weather described by pilots as "generally foul," states the Air Ministry news service.
 The yards, which include some of the largest and most elaborate in Europe, must play an important part in any attempted invasion of Britain.
 Troops, reserves, equipment and supplies moving westwards to the Channel ports from Germany must pass through one or other of these key transport centres.
Raid In Rain
 It was before 10 p.m. that in a thick cloud and drizzling rain that the first raider dropped heavy bombs and incendiaries on the Hamm yard. At the Ehrang yards near Luxembourg, north of Trier, heavy bombs burst along a line of trucks causing several explosions and fires which burned with a vivid glare.
 Other bombs bursting on a permanent way south of the yard caused heavy explosions.
 At Osnabrueck, two bombers flew through dense cloud and attacking from various heights, the raiders started ten large fires in the yards.
Railway Sidings
 At Essen yards heavy bombs were dropped on railway sidings and the rear-gunner of one aircraft saw flashes of explosions among the tangle of sidings and switches.
 The Schwerte marshalling yards and sidings at Emmerich were also attacked.

RAID ON BELFAST

SPECIAL TO THE "TELEGRAPH"
 BELFAST, Sept. 13 (Domei).—For the first time since the outbreak of war, German long-range bombers attacked Belfast on Thursday night.
 Incendiary bombs were dropped on the city, setting fire to public buildings and homes and devastating the city's main street.



BARRAGE BEATS NAZI BOMBERS

Special to the "Telegraph"
 Confidence is growing in the new British methods of using artillery barrages against the German raiders and there is increasing evidence that the terrific barrage now created as soon as the enemy appears will continue to prove successful.
 Last night German bombers endeavoured for eight hours to penetrate the ring of fire. Only a few of the hundreds of machines participating in the attacks succeeding in breaking through.
 During the second alarm a "Molotov bread-basket" burst above the west London district and spewed incendiary and high explosive bombs over a wide area.
 Most of the incendiary bombs were quickly extinguished with sand. One set fire to the ruins of a building wrecked in a previous raid; the roof of another building also caught fire.
Longest Raid of War
 The forenoon raid yesterday was the longest London has experienced.
 It was revealed last night that in addition to deliberately attacking Buckingham Palace, German raiders bombed the House of Lords, Parliament, the House of Commons, and the House of Lords.
 Five bombs were dropped on Buckingham Palace. Two fell in the inner quadrangle of the Palace; a third hit the Palace; the fourth hit the Chapel, and the remaining two fell in the roadway between the Victoria Memorial and the Palace Gates.
Craters in Famous Park
 Other bombs created huge craters in a famous park in the city. One set fire to a gas main.
 Many incendiary bombs were also dropped in the working class areas in north-west London. Among the buildings hit was a school.
 Incendiary bombs fell in Downing Street without causing damage.
 Just prior to yesterday's third air raid, a tremendous explosion was heard in Eastbourne and some places in Kent.

LATEST RAID CASUALTIES

LONDON, Sept. 13 (Reuters).—In the London area the number of persons killed and injured in last night's attacks was not heavy.
 Fuller reports of the previous night's casualties show that 110 persons were killed and 260 injured in the London area.
 Early this morning, incendiary bombs were dropped in a district of Northern Ireland. Small fires were started but quickly extinguished and there were no casualties.
 At mid-day today, in addition to attacks on London, enemy aircraft in small numbers dropped bombs in several districts of south-eastern England.
 In an Essex town, considerable damage was done but no casualties have been reported.
 In several other places, houses and cottages were hit but in general the damage and casualties are reported as being slight.
 Later, enemy aircraft, continuing their methods of sudden attack and retreat which had characterised their activities throughout the day, dropped bombs in one district in central London in Eastbourne and some places in Kent.

Wants To Help Britain

"Can't Stand By" Says U.S. Senator
 SPECIAL TO THE "TELEGRAPH"
 WASHINGTON, Sept. 13 (UP).—"It is apparent that the people of the United States will soon, if it is not the case already, be confronted with a momentous decision," said Senator Claude Pepper in an interview today.
 "Are we going to stand by and permit the conquest of England or the capture of the British Fleet by the Nazis?" he asked.
 Senator Pepper urged immediate additional warships, airplanes and guns for Britain.
 "It did not matter, he said, whether they were provided by the Government or by the manufacturers."

Soviet-Rumanian Tension

BUCHAREST, Sept. 13 (Reuters).—Anxiety with regard to Soviet-Rumanian relations has increased as the result of the latest Soviet note to Rumania protesting against alleged frontier incidents on Wednesday.
 The frontier situation has been threatening for some weeks and it is persistently reported that there are Soviet troop concentrations along the River Pruth which marks the line of the new border.

Fourth Raid Alarm

LONDON, Sept. 13 (Reuters).—The sound of sirens in London's fourth air raid warning today was just dying away in the south-west London suburbs when local anti-aircraft guns opened fire and searchlights converged at a point in the western sky.
 A plane was heard overhead and the flash of anti-aircraft guns stabbed the sky.
 The noise of engines stopped abruptly.

NANCY



By Ernie Bushmiller

MAGAZINE PAGE

WILL U.S.A. FEED STARVING EUROPE?

NEW YORK.

THERE are thoughtful Americans who are beginning to talk of an ugly development that this country may have to face soon—perhaps by Christmas, perhaps before then. The argument begins with the assumption that Hitler is not going to be able to overrun Britain within the next few weeks.

A great many Americans now affirm this belief.

They consider that the war may be expected to last through the winter, with both sides employing the tactics of attrition, and with Britain concentrating on the blockade of Germany and Italy. The British Navy's first job is going to be, to see that no supplies whatever reach Germany or Italy or any of the countries under German domination by the sea. This means that for practical purposes the whole of the seaborne trade of continental Europe will be cut off (so the argument

port food. Now there will be no imports and nothing to supplement the hopelessly inadequate crops and no fodder to keep cattle alive.

Famine in its starkest form will begin to spread across Europe and as the famine grows worse (the argument goes on) two things are likely to happen.

One is that the conquered peoples under the hammering of German propaganda will turn against Great Britain, believing her to be the cause of their misery. The other is that they will appeal to the only source from which food can come abundantly; that source being South America and more particularly the United States.

The American instinct will be to help them as quickly and generously as possible.

But then the British will have something to say. They will point out that the most specific promises of the German Government to the effect

Germany and prolong the war.

Between these two voices—the pathetic cry of the hungry on the one hand, and on the other the stern warning of the British whose cause has become America's own cause now—the American people will have to choose and (the argument concludes) it will be a terrible choice.

It is not yet certain that the argument is sound on all points. In the first place we have seen no completely satisfactory information on the stocks of food available either in Germany or elsewhere on the Continent. Insufficiency of foodstuffs is one thing, but famine is something far beyond that. There is not much doubt that Norway, Denmark, Poland, Holland, Belgium and France, not to mention the Balkans and Switzerland and Germany and Italy themselves, will be in dire want this winter. President Hoover's commission on Polish Relief has satisfied itself that the outlook in the Government General of Poland, whose normal population of 11,500,000 has been swollen to 30,000,000, is appalling.

Norway's 2,900,000 people who can produce only 43 per cent. of their wants in peacetime are already in urgent need of wheat, sugar and other staple foods and cannot even get the fish they used to rely on, because there is no petrol for the boats. Holland's 8,500,000 people want wheat, barley, sugar and fodder, and cannot get it. Denmark's 3,700,000 people have already, according to a report this week, been forced to slaughter 50 per cent. of their livestock and send it to Germany.

Belgium, which in the best of times can produce barely half of the food it needs, has been laid waste and is in a desperate plight.



Another report from the Balkans says that these neutral countries have been stripped of food by Germany. Information from any country where Hitler is in possession is unreliable and incomplete. But what information there is looks bad.

Americans who expect the famine within a few months or weeks may be right. It is worth noting that President Roosevelt, whose information has been very good indeed, mentioned the story of the slaughter of Danish livestock to newspapermen the other day and added that if this is going on in other countries, too, Europe was in for one of the worst famines of all time this winter.

★

Already the impact of the situation on the American Red Cross, which saved Belgium in the last war, is to be seen here. The chairman of the American Red Cross is Norman H. Davis, a great humanitarian whose job is to relieve

suffering wherever it arises and whomever it afflicts.

This week Davis has complained of the whispering campaign that has begun here to suggest that the Red Cross supplies are falling into German and Italian military hands. President Roosevelt in backing up this complaint said that the campaign is the work of Fifth Columnists intent on sabotaging the Red Cross work. Davis has issued a statement saying that the supplies are being sent to Britain and to unoccupied France, and that aid to German occupied areas had been limited so far to Poland and to the Paris vicinity.

In a letter to "Time Magazine" this week, Davis writes: "While, of course, no one wants to help Hitler or to lighten his burden, it would be a tragedy for the children of France who have grown up with a conception of freedom to be allowed to starve." Perhaps that sentence is the outline of the ugly shape of something that is to come.

THE MEN IN 'SAILOR PUB'

By Reginald Foster

On the South-East Coast. ALMOST daily you read a communique telling how British cargo ships have been bombed and machine-gunned off our coasts.

Every evening in this seaside town I meet the men off those ships. They foregather in "Sailor Pub" to swap yarns. Their spirit is terrific.

One man last night was grinning broadly. He told us why.

A few hours before he had been lying flat on the deck of his ship while bombs burst all round it.

"Suddenly," he said, "I felt a clump on the back of my neck—and then there seemed to be so much blood about that I knew I was dying."

"But do you know what it was? It was red ink from a stone bottle that had been blown out of the purser's office by the force of an exploding bomb."

Another man in "Sailor Pub" had been less lucky in a similar mishap. During a raid his ankle had been broken by a flying jar of pickles.

He was just out of hospital. "I wouldn't have minded if it had been a bomb splinter," he said. "But a jar of pickles."

The men off the bombed ships began to chip him all over again.

Oil, Water and Blood. ONE morning I saw a handful of seamen brought into a sailors'

hostel, all of them covered with oil and water, many of them covered in blood.

That same evening, in "Sailor Pub," I saw them, rigged out in new suits from a local outfitter's, grouped round the piano, lustily singing "Rose of Tralee," "Oh, Johnny," "Roll out the Barrel," and all the other songs of war and peace.

They looked like a party of workmates on a banquet.

Sixty—Not Out

AN elderly seaman, aged about 60, was brought ashore and sent to hospital with a severe arm wound. A rough tourniquet had been made by his shipmates, but when they left him they feared that he would not live through the night.

Next morning he was as bright and cheerful as ever. He insisted on seeing the mate about signing on again.

Bagged A Dornier

A SMALL collier had been hit by a bomb. Her gun fired as she was sinking. And in the final moments her gunner blew the wings off a Dornier. The men who escaped with their lives told me that story with pride. Anybody who can get a Dornier is envied down here.

These same men told me how they could see sailors on a nearby destroyer standing on the deck and firing rifles at the dive-bombers as they swooped down mast high.

More Air Please

SOMEONE else told me the story of a diver who was at work when bombs began to fall. They sent a message down to him that bombers were "about."

He sent back his reply: "What's that got to do with me?" And he went on with his job.

THAT'S the spirit of all the men I meet off the cargo ships: they are determined to carry on with their job—the job of bringing in Britain's food.

By Robert Waithman

New York Special Correspondent

goes), that in turn means that as the cold weather begins to grip Europe, the millions of helpless and unoffending peoples in the countries where Hitler's armies are ruling will either be starving or on the verge of starvation.

★

Their crops and their livestock will be not more than a skeleton of what they should be. First there was a severe winter, then there was the mobilisation which took men away from the fields and farms, then there was the devastation and inundation of warfare. None of these countries was self-supporting before the war—all had to im-

port food sent from America will go only to the French or Belgians or Dutch or Norwegians will be worthless. Hitler's policy must be to feed the German Army first, the German people second, and the German victims last. The British will further remind America that it has been an essential part of the British policy from the first to reduce Germany and her allies to a state in which the Nazi and Fascist systems must collapse, that the sole blame for the condition of the conquered peoples is Hitler's, that he has made himself responsible to them, and that to do for him the job he cannot do himself is simply to buttress up

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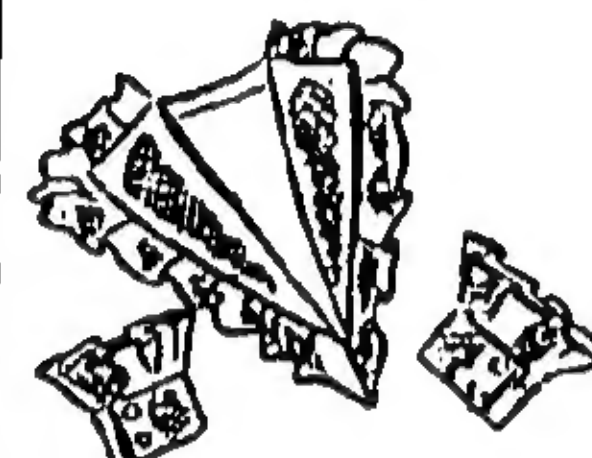
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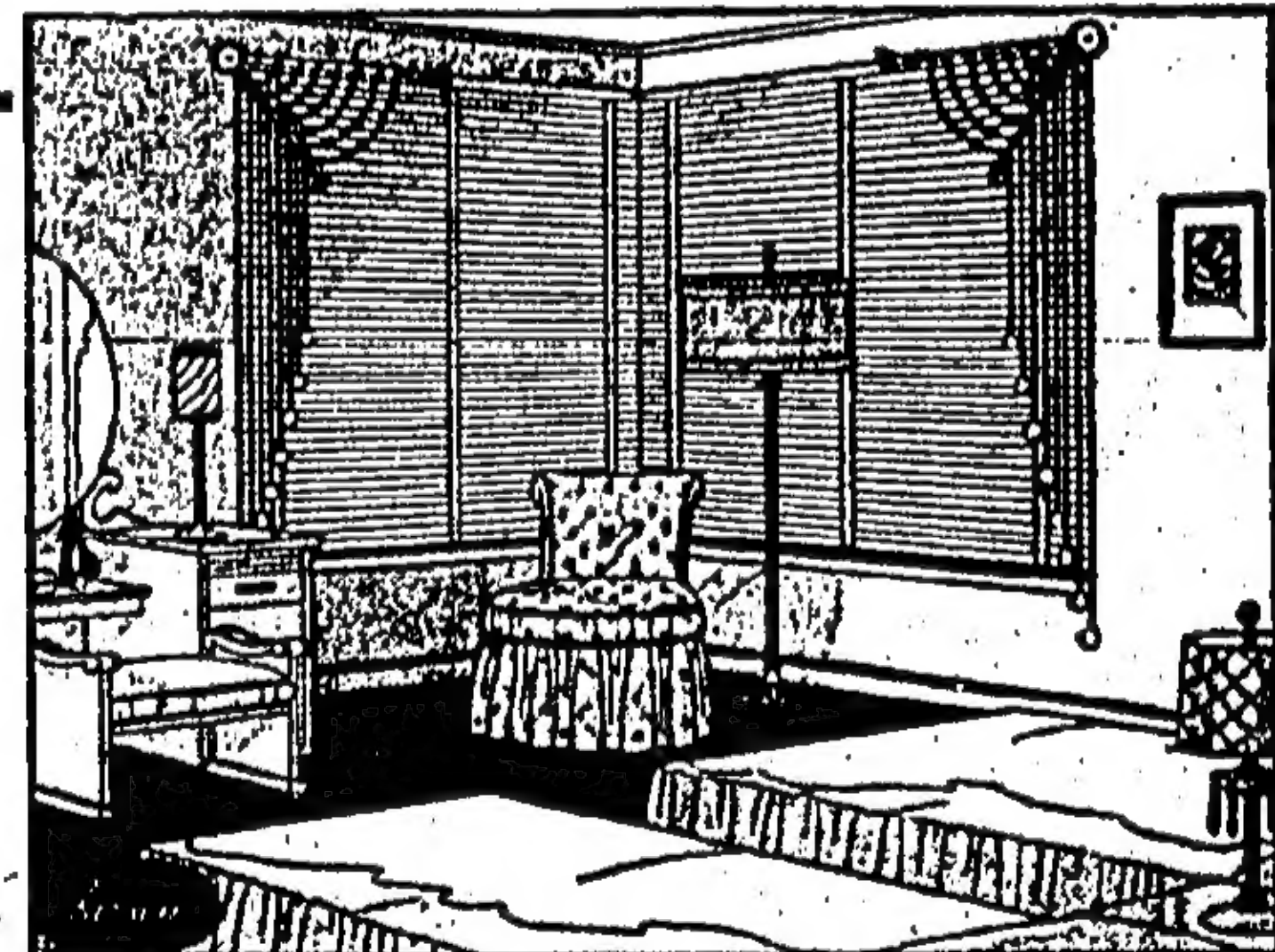
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"WICK'S" BOWLS NOTES STRUGGLE FOR THE LEAGUE



A. B. SHELDON, son of Mr. H. G. Sheldon, Senior Hong Kong Magistrate, batting for Haileybury, of which School he is Captain, against Eton. The match was drawn.

Y.M.C.A. Aquatic Gala

Military Teams In Keen Competition To-night

EXCEPTIONALLY keen interest is being taken by military sportsmen in the quadrangular swimming gala that is being held this evening, commencing at

To-night's Quadrangular Gala Programme

The programme for to-night's Quadrangular gala at the Y.M.C.A. pool will be:
200 yards free-style relay (teams of 4).
200 yards individual free-style.
100 yards individual breast-stroke.
Diving (teams of 2 low and high boards).
100 yards individual free-style.
100 yards individual breast-stroke.
Flunging (teams of one).
220 yards Y.M.C.A. championship.
Throwing the polo ball "Y" championship.
Life saving exhibition by M'sex Regt.
150 yards medley relay (teams of 3).

7.30 p.m., at the European Y.M.C.A. The Junior Section of the "Y", the Middlesex, the Royal Scots and the Royal Corps of Signals are in opposition.

All three of the military teams have been champions over the past three years, and to-night's results may give some indication as to what should be expected from the Hong Kong Area Championships that will be in attendance.

Admission fee is fifty cents, and the entire proceeds will be given to the Bomber Fund of the "S. C. M. Post" and "H.K. Telegraph."

Water-pool—Y.M.C.A. v Combined Army.
Points scoring:
Relays 8, 6, 4, 2.
Individual 4, 3, 2, 1.

Craigengower C.C. And Recreio 'A' Meet To-day

RACIAL DISCRIMINATION

HAPPY VALLEY will be the stage this afternoon set for the biggest League bowls tie of the season. Craigengower (at home) will joust against the Recreio "A" to decide whether there will be any replay for the senior shield or whether Recreio "A" will take the trophy without any further ado.

League records of these two teams at the moment is:

	P	W	L	T	F	A	Pts.
Recreio	15	14	1	-	1036	741	28
C.C.C.	14	12	2	-	899	731	24

Fortunately, for Craigengower, in the Bowls League the shots average does not count to decide a tie as does the goal average in a football league. Recreio's only defeat was at the hands of the Police, after the game had been played in two stages. Craigengower bowed to Recreio "A" in the first game of the season, and last week to the Kowloon B.G.C.

Of the two teams it is easier to imagine a defeat for the Valley side than it is for Recreio. The champions have shown no consistent form that if any team deserves the championship they are they. If I were compelled to make a forecast I would vote for the Kowloon side.

I will leave it there.

THE Goscombe-O'Sullivan Cup competition has attracted more attention this year than it has done since its inception. But it is very much unwanted attention, and by all it is very much deprecated. As a sportsman, I really am aghast at having come in contact with racial discrimination on the sports field.

It is enemy to the fundamental principle of sport and any other conception that realises the equal rights of human beings.

Under normal conditions it would be a shocking admission of small-mindedness, but during times like

To-day's Schedule

The programme of matches in the lawn bowls league to-day will be:

FIRST DIVISION	
Civil Service C.C. v. Kowloon C.C.	
Kowloon Dock v. Kowloon B.G.C.	
Craigengower v. Recreio "A"	
Hongkong F.C. v. Indian R.C.	
SECOND DIVISION	
Police v. Kowloon F.C.	
Hongkong C.C. v. Recreio	
Tai Koo v. Civil Service	
Kowloon C.C. v. K. Tong	
THIRD DIVISION	
Kowloon F.C. v. Prison Officers	
Kowloon B.G.C. v. Hongkong C.C.	

the present the decision is a night-mare's amazing unreality.

HOWEVER, let us turn to a more pleasant topic. Congratulations to Charles Rossetlet and his men for their fine win in the Rinks Final last Sunday.

The game was too well "covered" to dwell upon it further, but I must put in my word of praise to Bob Duncan for his great display against the most telling opposition. He was not so badly served by his front men that the match was Duncan v. Rossetlet's rink, but their form was too patchy to seriously challenge their opposite numbers, and as a consequence, Duncan was often in the limelight saving from difficult positions.

SUNDAY's bowls attractions will be the remaining three-quarter final matches in the Pairs Championship. The matches are:

AT KOWLOON F.C.
A. A. Razack and C. S. Rossetlet v. A. M. Omar and U. M. Omar.
J. S. Landolt and R. Basa v. H. A. Alves and F. V. Ribeiro.

AT KOWLOON B.G.C.
W. J. Burling and M. N. Rakusen v. C. Downman and F. Channing.
L. J. Silva and J. P. V. Ribeiro have already accounted for C. F. Needham and A. Brooksbank when they met at the Kowloon B.G.C. on Thursday.

The better of these matches are undoubtedly at the Kowloon F.C. I would predict wins for Omar, Alves and Ribeiro, and Burling and Rakusen.



SHANGHAI RIDICULES HONGKONG'S CLAIM TO MEDLEY RELAY RECORD

AMAZEMENT tinged with a good deal of amusement, can be the only reaction in local swimming circles, writes the "Shanghai Times," over a claim made by a Hongkong paper—whose story was published in these columns yesterday—that the Victoria Recreation Club trio set a new "Far Eastern" record for the 150 yards medley relay.

This was done in a quadrangular swimming meet almost a week ago. The time was 1 minute 30.1 seconds. The assertion that this is a new all-time Far Eastern record—it was not even claimed as a China mark—is bold, to say the least. Apart from the fact that the Foreign "Y" relay team of Archie Logan, Dick Hall and Lou Oliveira last year tied the Shanghai record for the identical events, clocking 1 minute 27.2/5 seconds—almost three seconds faster than the Colony mark in question!

It is apparent that the Colony has little grounds to make such a claim. An interesting thought, however, arises from this Hongkong report. What would have happened had a relay team composed of Jackie Lumsdaine, back-stroke, Dick Hall, breast-stroke, and Bob Hekking, free-style, swum off the 150 yards medley relay. It is quite possible that a time approaching 1 minute 23 seconds would have materialized. This is based on figuring out that Lumsdaine would clock about 28 seconds for his lap, Hall about 31 seconds, and Hekking at least 25 seconds.

Reverting to the Colony times, it seems that Hongkong, however, still can boast of an impressive list of sprinters. Both Taylor and Ng Tsun-man last week clocked 25 flat for the 50 yards, a time Hekking has equaled once this year.

RETROSPECTION

LOOKING over this season's achievements, there seems every reason for satisfaction. In all, four Shanghai records have been broken.

H. C. Spang (Kowloon B.G.C.) sending down a wood during the K.B.G.C.—Craigengower First Division League bowls match last Saturday. On this rink, U. M. Omar was beaten 28-16, which was helpful towards the Bowling Green's victory by 26 shots.—Ming Yuen.

International Trophy For Badminton

"Davis Cup" Competition

LONDON, Sept. 2. (Reuters).—An international trophy for badminton, to be run on similar lines to that of the Davis Cup in lawn tennis, was presented by Sir George Thomas at the annual meeting of the International Badminton Federation in London.

Deferred on account of the war, the tournament will begin when normal conditions are resumed. It is proposed that it will be held triennially and be divided into two geographical groups—American and European zones.

Sir George Thomas was re-elected president of the Federation and representatives were present from Australia, Canada, Malaya, U.S.A., Mexico, and France.

Y.M.C.A. Hockey Club's Final Practice

The Y.M.C.A. Hockey Club will hold their final practice this afternoon at 4.15 p.m. before settling down to the season's fixtures. All members are urged to attend, and are requested to take both a coloured and a white shirt.

In that event for he rates outstanding in the back-stroke and free-style laps. He should also place in the 100 free-style—if he does not win that event.

TO-MORROW at the KING'S



THIS JUNGLE NIGHT
Was theirs

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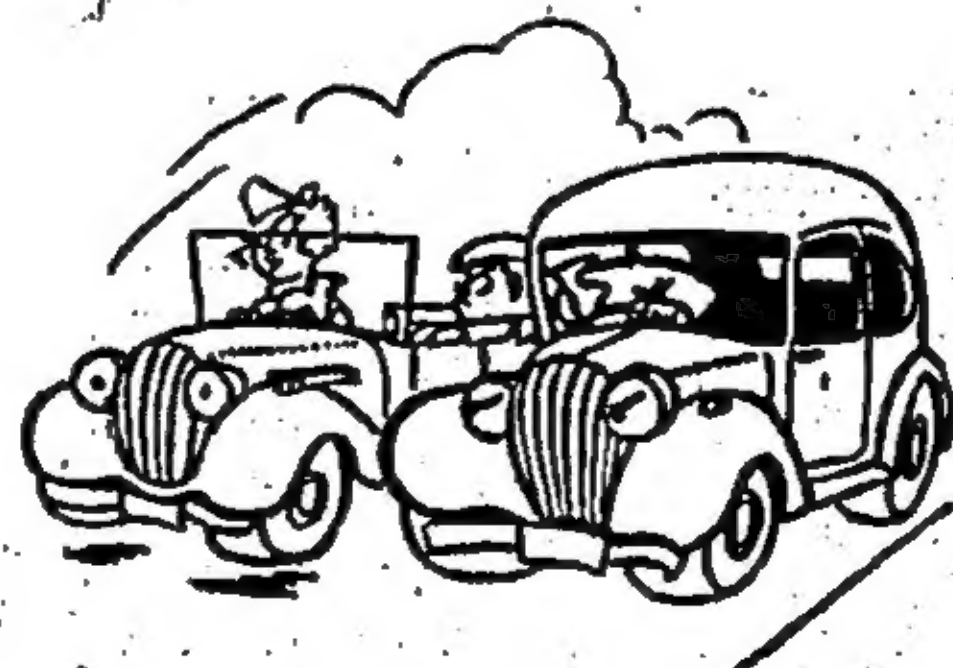
with
JOHN HOWARD · ALAN HALE
George BANCROFT · Vincent PRICE
GEORGE SANDERS

A JAMES WHALE Production

Original Story and Screenplay by Frances Marion · Directed by JAMES WHALE
Produced by HARRY EDINGTON · A NEW UNIVERSAL PICTURE

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LARGE LEGHORN
EGGS \$1.60 PER DOZ.

LANE CRAWFORD'S

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COMMUNIQUE WAR IN AFRICA

Patrols Active

The following communiques were officially issued yesterday: CAIRO, Sept. 13 (Reuter).—Our patrols in Kenya, actively engaged in the northern frontier district on a 200-mile front between Wajir and Turbi, inflicted losses in the Kassala area. Enemy defences on the west bank of the river were heavily and effectively shelled.

NAIROBI: Italian Forces Surprised

NAIROBI, Sept. 13 (Reuter).—British patrols are active on all parts of the front. One of them encountered superior enemy forces at Wajir on the frontier of Italian Somaliland and inflicted casualties. Ours were very slight.

CAIRO: Enemy Tightens Positions

CAIRO, Sept. 13 (Reuter).—In Egypt, thickening up of the enemy's defensive position west of the frontier is continuing. Beyond the usual raid on Mersa Matruh, air activity was slight. It is now confirmed that one enemy aircraft was brought down by anti-aircraft fire on the night of September 9.

LONDON: Coastal Command In Action

LONDON, Sept. 13 (Reuter).—Coastal Command aircraft yesterday attacked shipping off Le Havre and an enemy tanker and supply ship were hit. Last night Bomber Command aircraft attacked oil stores, shipping and the docks at Emden and also the docks at Flushing where several large fires and explosions were observed. Another force of aircraft bombed key distribution centres at Osnabrück, Hamm, Schwerte, Emsland, and Brussels and also several enemy aerodromes and the Nordney seaplane base.

All our aircraft returned safely. An enemy bomber fouled a balloon barrage cable early this morning and was destroyed.

President-Elect

MEXICO CITY, Sept. 13 (Reuter).—The electoral college of the Chamber of Deputies has declared General Avila Camacho the official candidate to be the President-Elect of Mexico.

BARRAGE BEATS NAZI BOMBERS

FROM PAGE ONE

occurred in central London, apparently from a delayed-action bomb.

West End Bombed

Shortly afterwards a lone raider dived through the clouds and dropped four heavy bombs in a crowded West End shopping centre. One of the bombs exploded and set fire to a large block of offices and shops.

In addition to the St. Paul's area, three other London areas have been completely evacuated and roped off, indicating that time bombs are likely to explode at any time.

"Suicide engineers," despite the danger, are doing their utmost to render the time bomb in St. Paul's Church harmless.

The Press Association states that five unexploded bombs have fallen in the vicinity of the famous Cathedral.

Two were discovered in a street nearby and one of these, which has partly buried itself in the Dean's church next to the Churchyard, is believed to be a 500-pound high explosive.

This bomb is causing the chief concern.

If it does explode, it is feared that serious damage might be done to the fabric of the Cathedral.

The air raid alarm was sounded for the fourth time at 9 p.m.

It is officially reported that 110 were killed and 250 injured in the London area during Wednesday night's raid.

(Domest. Reuter and United Press)

Hospital Damaged

LONDON, Sept. 13 (Reuter).—Just before the "All-Clear" in the second warning, a lone raider dropped three bombs in London near a hospital, the nurses' home and many houses.

Two people were injured and eight people in another road were injured by a bomb which damaged six houses and a public library.

Lucky Escapes For 700

LONDON, Sept. 13 (Reuter).—Several hundred employees of two London firms, a bakery and a laundry, which received direct hits in the second air raid escaped without serious casualties.

They had taken refuge in shelters which were undamaged although the main buildings were partially demolished.

Chinese Down Five Japanese Planes

CHUNGKING, Sept. 14 (UP).—Five Japanese planes were brought down in a furious dog-fight in eastern Szechuan, according to reports reaching Chungking to-day.

The dog-fight lasted more than an hour.

SENTIMENT SWITCHES

Pro-Allied Feeling Grows In Syria

CAIRO, Sept. 13 (Reuter).—There is strong evidence to be found in Syria that Frenchmen more desirous of rallying to General de Gaulle, according to trustworthy information from Syria which has reached "Reuter" here.

This growing sentiment is attributed firstly to the great bravery shown by Britain in the face of German air raids, and secondly the rallying of French Equatorial African colonies.

Although the Press is muzzled, Frenchmen in Syria have managed to obtain news from outside and in many sections there are signs of disgust at the Petain Government.

Axis Missions

It is stated that the first party of Italian military experts are now being received by civilians and air force experts.

It is further believed that a German mission has now reached Ankara on the way to Syria.

Reception of the Italian mission is apparently very cool.

Feelings are daily becoming more hostile towards Italy. Frenchmen are reported to have flatly refused to comply with the Italian demands, the major one being the immediate handing over of air bases.

Other Italian requests are believed to include railways and the surrender of a number of submarines.

Two Courses Open

The situation in Syria is summed up as being "like a pot at boiling point."

One of two courses of action seems possible: (1) a sudden coup by General de Gaulle's elements; (2) a period of passive resistance.

The second course would mean that the Frenchmen would not allow themselves to be disarmed but would stay put, waiting for any military attempt in the country when they would fight.

NAZI C-IN-C. AT THE FRONT

BRASLE, Sept. 13 (Reuter).—Field Marshal Walter von Brauchitsch, the German Commander-in-Chief, and his staff have now joined Field Marshal Goering "in the field" somewhere on the French coast, says a Berlin despatch to the "National Zeitung."

The despatch adds that it is generally accepted in Berlin that operations against England will be intensified.

It says: "Hitherto the attacks have been merely an initial stage offensive."

"AIR RAID HOURS"

SPECIAL TO THE "TELEGRAPH"

LONDON, Sept. 13 (Domest). London business houses are now operating at odd hours in view of the constant air raid alarms.

Offices close during the alarms, the staffs taking shelter in nearby dugouts.

Banks, the Clearing House and the Stock Exchange suspend business until the All-Clear is given.

The afternoon closing time has been extended from 3 p.m. to 3.30 p.m.

GANDHI IS REALISTIC

LAHORE, Sept. 13 (Reuter). Mahatma Gandhi has sent a sharp reply to Taran Singh, leader of the Akali section of the Sikh community, who in a letter to Gandhi urged the Sikhs should join the army "in as large a number as possible in the interest of the Motherland and their own."

Taran Singh, who resigned from Congress owing to disagreement with Congress leaders, stated that he had made a conditional offer to provide 100,000 recruits if an agreement was reached between Congress and the Government, but the chances of such an agreement appeared far from encouraging while the world situation was worsening and he therefore saw no alternative but to support the free recruitment of a Sikh army.

Gandhi, in reply, tells Taran Singh: "You have to offer your services to the British Government unconditionally and look to it for the protection of the rights of your community. You don't suppose for a moment that the British will take your recruits on your conditions. They would commit suicide if they did. You have to be either frankly nationalist or frankly communal and therefore depend upon the British or another foreign Power."

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KWONG WAH XI TO MEET M'SEX TO-DAY

ONE OF THE BEST matches to be seen over the week-end will be the match between Kwong Wah and Middlesex which takes place on the Fallow ground, Boundary Street, to-day at 4.45 p.m.

Kwong Wah will be out in full strength as they will be holding their best team which includes the Gosano brothers. Middlesex will also be fielding their best team and anybody who attends this match can be assured of seeing a fine game which will also serve as a pointer towards the respective merits of these teams for the season at hand.

Kwong Wah will be represented by: Lau Hin Hon.—Played for Eastern last season; considered one of the best goalies in the Colony.

Chung Fat Lam.—Kwong Wah's stalwart defender who can always break up attacks.

Leung Pak Wah.—Was with S.C. "B" last season. Speed and can be relied upon to do his share of the work.

C. F. dos Remedios.—Captained Shanghai XI against Hongkong a few years ago.

A. V. Gosano.—Still the Gosano of old who always plays an unbeatable game every time he appears.

J. J. Pereira.—The pick of coming halves. Young, strong and willing, he is going to spoil many an opponent's good move this season.

Chong Nai Shing.—A reliable winger newly added to Kwong Wah's roster.

Tin Yung Fat.—Inside-right for Kwong Wah who should do well this year. Can shoot well and is a hard worker.

B. T. Gosano.—Kwong Wah's new leader who will surely add more pep to their line. Looking better this year and can be counted on to score a lot of goals for them.

Cheuk Shek Kam.—This year's captain. He has a long list of representative game to his credit. Plays inside left.

Wong King Chung.—The live-wire of the team. Is both speedy and tricky and can score goals from practically any angle.

Kwong Wah's 2nd XI meet Royal Engineers in the curling-racer and a good game is expected as both teams are undoubtedly strong this year.

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Colony Aquatics

Entries Close This Evening At 8 p.m.

Ng Nin Enters For All Swimming Events

SCOTCHING rumours that Chung Sing were among a trio of Chinese Clubs that intended boycotting the Colony swimming championships, entries from this Club were received by Mr. A. O. Barretto, Hon. Secretary of the V.R.C., last night.

To date there have been some 20 entries, the greatest number being four in the back-stroke.

Competitions are rounded that entries close this evening at 8 p.m.

Ng Nin, prospective champion, and Chung Sing, has sent in his name for the 50, 100, 220, 440, 880, breast-stroke and back-stroke. This Club has also entered for all the relays.

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1940

The NEWS END Of a NEWSPAPER



Above: Centre, record department where biographies, pictures are stored for immediate use; left—sports department; Right: Newsroom table; Below: Centre, United Press room where messages come from all over the world; right, a made-up page in the composing room.



THE news end of a newspaper is as remote from the generally accepted rule of business as Jonah was from daylight when he got into the tummy of a whale.

It has its rules and its regulations, and very definite ones, too, but they are not the same as might be applied to a branch of industry or to a mercantile establishment. For the simple reason that to-day does not give an inkling what to-morrow may bring into news prominence. Of course, there are exceptions. Reporters know "when" certain things will take place, but they still have the unknown quantity, or quality, to worry about. News "breaks" have no respect for newsmen. They happen at unexpected times and out-of-the-way places. If a newspaper misses a big story it can't apologise to its readers. The business executive can sit down and dictate a nice letter with an even chance of making out a case. Imagine a newspaper printing the following: "We regret we missed the story, but we didn't know anything about it and hope it won't occur again." The reading public doesn't care why a story was missed. Readers know they didn't read it in their favourite paper.

The profession—and I feel justified in using that term—of gathering, assembling and printing the news is one of high ideals. The Press, the Fourth Estate, or whatever you choose to call it, has had its rough spots along the road of public service, but it has retained that freedom, particularly in the British Empire, that has given it a place of influence in the affairs of the Commonwealth of Nations. The newspapers of Hongkong run, and do, command respect and support. Dictatorial power has no place in Hongkong journalism. Radioed

news can never take the place of the printed word. The average newspaper is prepared to stand solidly behind what it prints in good faith. A slip of the tongue in a radio broadcast can never be recalled—and there have been not a few slips in broadcasts of international importance that have yet to be corrected. The controversy of newspaper versus radio is a big one. "Is it true what they say on the

and special writers may be more numerous and occupy hallowed places, but their functions are the same—to provide readers with facts and figures of everyday life.

The editorial staff of the average newspaper is made up of young men, young women and older men, and they all fit into the general scheme. They take their orders from the higher-ups and execute them as rapidly and as accurately as the

human frame will permit. They sometimes think they are persecuted, but after they have been on the job awhile they begin to realise the first twenty-five years are the hardest, and thank their stars their legs will still propel them from place to place and their heads are capable of storing additional knowledge. The limit of a newspaperman to learn is only reached when the Great Architect writes "30" at the end of his career. News staffs are but human beings. They may be actors and all the world a stage, but they seldom miscue. One mistake—too bad. Two mistakes—why? Three mistakes—good-bye. Newspaper work is a serious labour. There's no play acting, and those engaged in it know why.

Visitors Welcome

WE have our "conducted tours" of the newsroom and the mechanical departments—and welcome them providing the tourists don't stay too long. If I were one of those tourists here's what I might be told and shown. Of course, we may not see the editor-in-chief, the editor, or the editorial writer. They would probably be in their "sanctums."

We shall try to follow the sequence of events from our reception by the office boy, if he can be found. Office boys, unlike the copy boys, have a peculiar habit of disappearing just about the time they are most urgently wanted. The newsroom, especially in the hour before "dead line," bristles with activity. It has a lot of desks, most of them very untidy, and most of them using the one-finger touch system. One seems to think faster with the index finger poised over the letter "a," and the touch emphasises the mood, a vicious poke denoting serious concentration. The light, gentle tap indicates indifference. Reporters with a lousy hit are preferred.

Over in one corner a couple of juniors may be discussing baseball or ping-pong. Juniors, the world over, seem to take readily to sport gossip; the seniors usually know all about horses, particularly those that lose.

Spotting the party of visitors, the cub immediately assumes an air of importance. Our guide will probably tell us: "Here are the brains of the paper."

A guide usually says that, and he's probably right. The juniors think so, and they may be right. And, no matter how big you may be in the world outside, the moment you step inside a newsroom of a daily newspaper you develop an inferiority complex because you don't know what it's all about.

You begin to wonder how that little item you wrote about the meeting of the Camera Club ever found its way into print through the hive of activity and the very apparent litter of the newsroom.

Hive of Industry

IT is in the newsroom the reporters, the news editor, telegraph editors, sub-editors and the other individuals carry on their work of

getting out a newspaper. They all have their allotted positions and they all fit in.

The editor is the overseer. The news editor directs the staff of reporters; sub-editors, edit, alter and slash, and are the bane of reporters, writers.

The day's programme goes something like this—

THE News Editor or chief of staff writes down each evening before he goes off duty, a list of assignments for the next day. Reporters initial the jobs against their name before they go home.

At 7 a.m. the first cable man arrives in the office, the second follows him an hour later. The main staff arrives before nine.

By this time the advertising department has sent up a lay-out showing the size of the paper for that day, the amount and position of expected advertising.

Pictures which have been taken overnight or sent from overseas agencies are then selected, raced to the processing department. They will be completed within an hour.

The editor goes rapidly over all the items which have drifted into the office. Men are sent out to get local angles, or to follow-up a story which seems to have more possibilities than the first flash.

The editor, having then a good idea of what news is likely to come in, usually discusses it with the seniors of his staff, decides what shall be the "lead story," what space shall be given to subsidiary items. The whole paper is carefully laid out, page by

page, with the joint ideal of a good news coverage and an "easy-to-read" effect.

FROM that point the work, for an afternoon paper, becomes hectic. Everything must be crammed into the next hour-and-a-half. Deadlines wait for no-one. The paper must be on the streets at 10.30.

The paper has been planned—but a dramatic cable, a big local news story may scrap the whole front page. The news from that page must be put elsewhere. The whole

thousands in every issue must be read over carefully, corrected for spelling, for grammar, for fact and for simple mechanical faults.

By the time the bulk of the copy is set, the blocks—they were photographed an hour before—are ready for the page. Swiftly, around the blocks, the compositors arrange their masses of type, working carefully to the editor's layout.

But a story may be just a shade too long to fit, another may be too short, leave a hole in the page.

Around the compositor's stone as "edition" time approaches stands the editor or one of the sub-editors.

They have learned to read type—backwards by ordinary standards—and with a speed which puzzles visitors, cut and throw away the type to fit.

In the last few minutes compositors crowd round the type. The page is tightened, a wet-paper proof is rapidly taken and the page is carried to the printing-presses.

The page-proof is rapidly read over again for the second time. A mistake caught then can be corrected in the page while the presses are being adjusted.

But this day there is no last-minute correction. The presses begin to turn—and there you have your afternoon paper.

When the pace comes on

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GREEN HELL

Film: *Green Hell*.
Stars: Douglas Fairbanks, Joan Bennett, George Sanders.
Verdict: Jungle melodrama.

—King's.

"GREEN HELL" is fare of a type that has proved generally popular, so for its blending of sex drama with suspenseful action of the full-blooded type.

There is the spectacle of a woman following her husband into the jungle only to learn of his death and bigamy, recovering from which she is the cause of rivalry between a trio of the expedition.

The film concerns an expedition's penetration of the jungle, discovery of an ancient temple of sun-god worshippers, the looting of its treasures and avenging warfare of the natives to whom it had belonged.

Dr. Loren and Keith Brandon set out on a jungle expedition for Inca treasure with an Englishman, Forrester, Brandon's friend Scott, Tex Morgan a rancher, young Graham on his first adventure and David Richardson, quiet and mysterious. Discovering the hidden temple they strike camp but Richardson is killed by a poisoned arrow.

Shortly after his death his wife Stephanie arrives with a fever, is nursed back to health to learn of Richardson's death and to discover, through unopened letters, of the existence of an undivorced wife.

Brandon falls in love with her but is jealous of the attentions of Forrester and Scott. Although planning to send Stephanie back, the native porters



Joan Bennett starts out with one husband in "Green Hell" almost collects others on the way. But Douglas Fairbanks wins the finals.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. is his agreeable self as Keith Brandon. Joan Bennett is Stephanie. Alan Hale is Dr. Loren, John Howard a convincing reprobate as Scott, Vincent Price amusing as Tex Morgan, and George Sanders makes a superbly satirical Englishman as Forrester.

Film: *Traitor Spy*.

Stars: Bruce Cabot, Tamara Desni.

Verdict: Good blood and thunder.

—Alhambra.

Tails of Traitor Spy. This is a typical film, and while one cannot take it too seriously—or do spies and their enemies actually experience all these things at the one time?—one has to admit that the film combines all the thrills of the oldest Wild Western, and some that Cowboy Joe would have shied at. The principal parts are taken by Bruce Cabot, Tamara Desni, and Maria Labarr. It hardly seems necessary to expound the story of "Traitor Spy" for it follows the well-known pattern of the stolen blueprints and the gory passage of events that ensue until they are regained, the wrong-doers are brought to book and right triumphs. But the film lacks nothing in the trimmings of spydom.

Film: *Pop Always Pays*.

Stars: Leon Errol, Dennis O'Keefe.

Verdict: Family comedy.

—Queen's.

LEON Errol's personality and ability to clown are distinct assets of this entertainment.

When Jeff Thompson asks to marry Edna Brewster, her mother is

an agreeable, but Henry Brewster refuses consent until Jeff has saved a thousand dollars which he promises to double.

Jeff and Edna in league with Mrs. Brewster plan to raise the money in the quick time, not knowing that Henry's funds are practically nil.

Mrs. Brewster pawns a valuable bracelet without telling Henry who promptly gets hold of the copy and is mistaken for a thief when trying to pawn it.

Mrs. Brewster becomes aware of the situation, and when Henry passes a worthless cheque in behalf of Jeff to a proposed business associate, his wife working behind scenes manages to save him from ultimate disgrace which he continually fears.

Leon Errol, in the role of Henry Brewster, is supported by Dennis O'Keefe as Jeff Thompson, Adele Marjorie Gibson as his sympathetic yet lesson-teaching wife, Walter Cat-York as a neighbour and Tom Kennedy as a brokers' man.

Stage Show
For Queen's

Arriving in Hongkong almost immediately will be a Company of American and Oriental Stars to be audience.

ENTERTAINMENT SECTION

disappear and Brandon decides to take her back himself.

There is a little self-sacrificing on all sides but Stephanie does not go back and lives with them through a siege by enraged natives in which Graham dies, Forrester shoots himself and the others are saved by the nick-of-time arrival of a friendly tribe.

MURDER most foul, men who slink and slide in darkest villainy, blue prints, detectives and police cordons, shooting affrays, iniquitous "dives," codes, invisible ink, and all the other concomitants of a spy film, including a glorious holocaust at the end, form the delectable de-

THE FIFTH ARM OF GERMANY

The Fifth Arm, by Wickham Steed, London: Constable, 1s.

HERE is a treatment of German propaganda and how to counteract it by a writer fully qualified to speak because of his varied experience as a journalist and as a leading member of "Crewe House," the organisation responsible for British propaganda during the World War.

Mr. Steed shows clearly that propaganda works slowly, and that to be effective it must have a definite objective. "It took three-and-a-half years before Allied propaganda took the offensive at the instrument of a single language in keeping with the clear policy in the last war, and it has its different mental habits and background. President Wilson's 14 Points ground—and that there must be a which gave the ideal for which clear indication as to how the German people on the enemy side had been waiting."

In dealing with Nazi propaganda, Mr. Steed rightly emphasises at the outset that no small part of its success has resulted from so many non-Germans in high places failing to appreciate clearly Hitler's aims and methods.

"It is one thing for the Germans to deceive themselves by their own propaganda, but it is quite another thing for British statesmen, politicians, and writers, to lend so ready an ear to that propaganda as to confirm the rulers of Germany in their self-deception."

The reproduction of the correspondence between Lord Rothermere and the author and the reports of the Rothermeres at Princess Hohenlohe-Waldenburg lawsuit, as well as the reticence with which the British press dealt with this sensational case, make interesting reading for anyone who would study the relations of the press and press lords to European policy during the post-1918 period.

German propaganda did not start with Hitler. Bismarck's "reptile press" rendered notorious service to the Iron Chancellor after 1866, and the editing of the Ems telegram is mainly concerned with counteracting and overthrowing Nazi propaganda.

Among the practical suggestions he offers are the setting up of a Thinking General Staff for the strategy of ideas. This should consist of five to seven competent men, not public officials, who would be allowed free access to official information and act as co-ordinators of specialist information from the Ministry of Information, the Allies, etc.

Dealing with the methods to be adopted, the author indicates that successful propaganda will have to speak a language the enemy understands in keeping with the clear policy in the last war, and it has its different mental habits and background. President Wilson's 14 Points ground—and that there must be a which gave the ideal for which clear indication as to how the German people on the enemy side had been waiting."

Mr. Steed advocates a lasting and controlled demilitarisation of Germany, military occupation, removal of Prussian control from the left bank of the Rhine, refusal to allow Germany to get away with the table of the "stab in the back," and exposure in German press and radio of the abominations of Nazi concentration camps, of Nazi treatment of Czechs, Poles, etc.

Europe has changed considerably since these words were written. Flanders and France have been overrun.

But few would disagree with his conclusion that "we shall need a higher than materialist inspiration to win our fight for the future of civilisation itself."

BRITAIN • I SEE HER IN HER OLD AGE—BUT YOUNG • AND STILL DARING TO BELIEVE IN HER POWER OF ENDURANCE • WITH STRENGTH STILL EQUAL TO THE TIME • EMERSON

What England Means to Me

By J. B. Priestley

LONDON.

WHAT is the value of British life and character to world civilisation? To answer this question I will look at Britain from outside, and make the following bold generalisation about the world's attitude toward her. The world's fools admire Britain; its clever knaves scorn her; and its wise men love her. An explanation of these three different points of view will take us a long way toward understanding Britain's peculiar character and worth.

The fools who admire Britain are usually rich fools. They see this country as the earthly paradise of the idle splendid rich, who have here their racing stables, their yachts, their grouse moors, their country houses, in which is discovered an ancient smooth tradition of pleasant time-killing existence.

The second-generation rich, nearly all over the world, have nearly always adopted English outward habits and tricks. They do not mind being regarded as Anglophiles, though, as a rule, they know next to nothing about the English people or genuine English thought.

They regard London as the most magnificent and satisfying of all the good as it used to be. Punch security, is the most advanced, best fashionable quarter in the world. It is the existence of so many of these feather-headed, per-b, and Britain never was. But the world's wise men love Britain. For example, I think it generally conceded that George Santayana, the Spanish philosopher who taught in America and has since settled in Rome, is a first-class specimen of the internal-wise man. And nobody has written more eloquently and enthusiastically about the character than he has: "He carries his English weather in light where he goes, and his heart wherever he goes, and he has never set foot in this island for hard work, our complacency, our mobbery, our lack of respect for intellect. In their eyes the huge Empire is always ready to fall to the deliriums of mankind. Never and more dangerous."

pieces. We seem to them sleepy, since the heroic days of Greece has decayed, and altogether unworthy guardians of so vast a treasure house.

That is nearly always the view of the German, who is perpetually irritated by thought that these slack but still arrogant islanders, whose group is obviously so loose, should command even yet more wealth, power, and respect than the members of his own disciplined, industrious, and self-sacrificing Reich.

Among these Anglophobes are all the clever knaves, who find it easy enough to outwit the nearest yawning British official, who is apparently more interested in his lawn tennis and his golf than in his work, and so soon develop a sharp contempt for Britain.

Her day, they prophesy, is done. It does not occur to them, chiefly because they have that kind of cleverness which is too smart to learn anything profound, that such prophecies have been made before and with equal certainty by clever men who were suddenly dismayed to find the sleepy old lion transformed into a great roaring beast, eager for a fight to a finish. (It is hard even to remember that Emerson pointed this already at a higher stage of development than societies dominated by Fascist or Communist theories, that there is an old joke here about Britain, perhaps because it is small, magnificent and satisfying of all the good as it used to be. Punch security, is the most advanced, best fashionable quarter in the world. It is the existence of so many of these feather-headed, per-b, and Britain never was. But the world's wise men love Britain. For example, I think it generally conceded that George Santayana, the Spanish philosopher who taught in America and has since settled in Rome, is a first-class specimen of the internal-wise man. And nobody has written more eloquently and enthusiastically about the character than he has: "He carries his English weather in light where he goes, and his heart wherever he goes, and he has never set foot in this island for hard work, our complacency, our mobbery, our lack of respect for intellect. In their eyes the huge Empire is always ready to fall to the deliriums of mankind. Never and more dangerous."

(Incidentally, could there be a description of the Nazis than "scientific blackguards, conspirators, churls and fanatics"? It would be easy, if we had space enough to find 50 passages like this from the words of the wise about Britain. Now what is it about the British scene and character that calls forth such eulogies?)

It has long been observed with astonishment that national crises—such as some gigantic conflict between capital and labour—that would mean anger and riot and bloodshed in any other country seem to pass off quite easily and peacefully in Britain.

I THINK I have criticised life in Britain as often and as sharply as any contemporary writer. But nevertheless I have always felt strongly that that life could only be so, that in its acceptance of and permeation by great moral, or perhaps even religious, values, it was a step toward a higher stage of development than societies dominated by Fascist or Communist theories, that there is an old joke here about Britain, perhaps because it is small, magnificent and satisfying of all the good as it used to be. Punch security, is the most advanced, best fashionable quarter in the world. It is the existence of so many of these feather-headed, per-b, and Britain never was. But the world's wise men love Britain. For example, I think it generally conceded that George Santayana, the Spanish philosopher who taught in America and has since settled in Rome, is a first-class specimen of the internal-wise man. And nobody has written more eloquently and enthusiastically about the character than he has: "He carries his English weather in light where he goes, and his heart wherever he goes, and he has never set foot in this island for hard work, our complacency, our mobbery, our lack of respect for intellect. In their eyes the huge Empire is always ready to fall to the deliriums of mankind. Never and more dangerous."

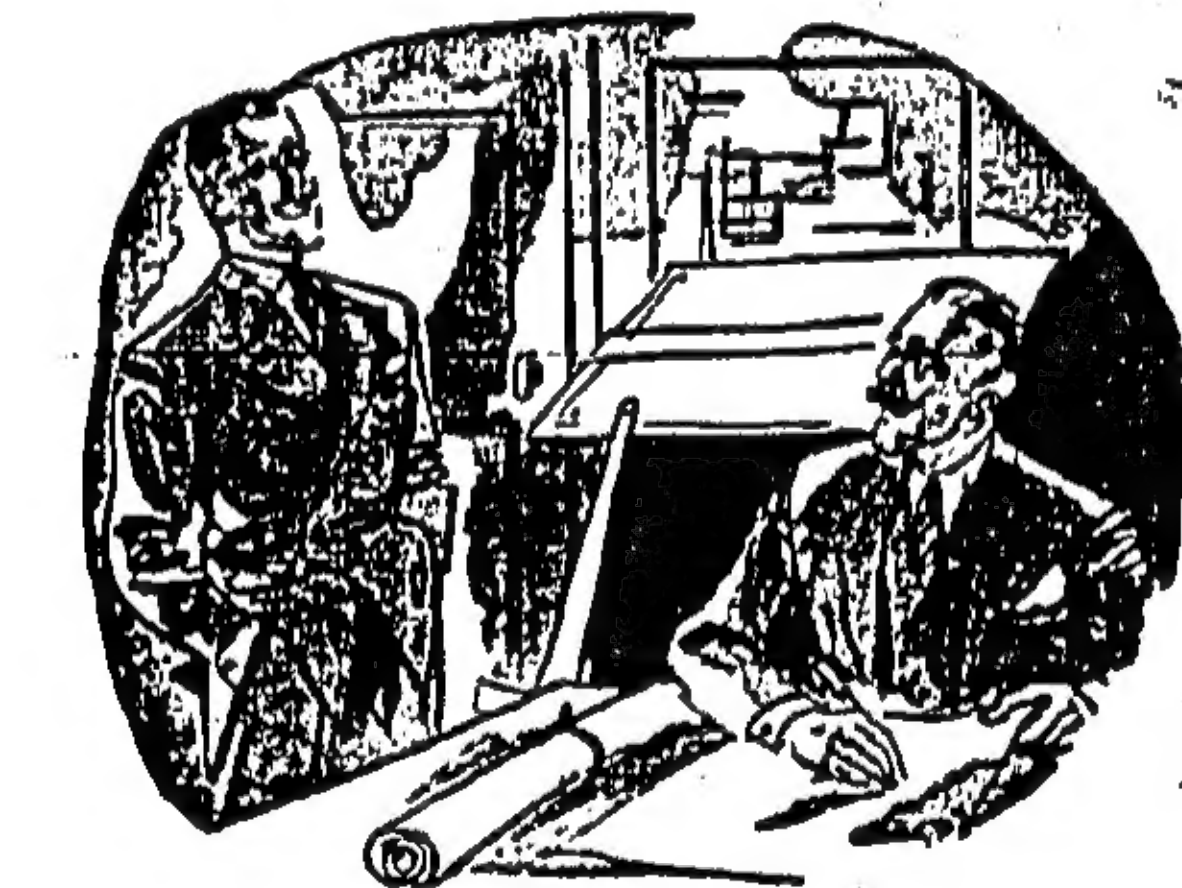
I do not believe that the United States, or any other democracy, has anything to gain from imitating Britain. These two great democracies cannot travel on exactly the same road. But I do hold that what is so precious to good men everywhere in the world that if Britain could no longer go her own way, it would be a great loss to the world. It would be as if a great man were put out, and men who would still feel that their own way was the good life were now darker and more dangerous.

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HAIL SMILING MORNI

"I feel so fit this morning I could tackle a very fierce man-eating tiger."
"Try tackling some of those estimates you should have finished yesterday."
"Now, David, no bitterness. It is a very beautiful morning. Let us cast aside our mundane tasks and hearken to the pipes of Pan. If I were a poet, David..."
"You're not. You're a very busy consulting engineer."
"Come, come, Mr. Scrooge. Is there no spark of sentiment in that flinty old heart?"
"Flinty old fiddlers! Look here, David, what is biding you today?"

"Well — er — as a matter of fact I went to a party last night. The foaming beakers were knocked back with speed and precision. I had a whale of a time."
"H'm — you look fresh enough anyway."
"That is the climax of my story. Somebody gave me the tip about Gimlets. You know — Rose's Lime Juice being a therapeutic agent — anticipating hangovers — and so on. And it works!"
"H'm. Must make a note of that — Rose's Lime Juice. Confound! I've written it on the plans for the new reservoir!"

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I think this is the best article of the war of the "Hong Kong Telegraph"

TO-DAY WE LIVE

I.

SOME OF US can remember a time when war was a

stately and somewhat exclusive business. Hostilities only started after certain formalities had been observed; and when they did start, participation therein was strictly limited to the actual combatants. Thus:

Two countries came to loggerheads, or perhaps one country showed signs of coveting the territory of another. Diplomats on both sides were called in to smooth out the difficulty, if possible. After the resources of diplomacy had been exhausted, Ambassadors were recalled, mobilisation was ordered, and a formal declaration of war issued. After that, but not before, the country which was quickest on its feet invaded the other.

So far as our own history is concerned, we have, for the best part of a thousand years, followed the sensible practice of invariably conducting our campaigns in someone else's country. Consequently, whenever we became involved in hostilities, our Army simply departed overseas, escorted by our Navy, and disappeared in the fog of war.

The civil population's share in the subsequent proceedings was limited to reading official dispatches and facing increased taxation. A certain number of women put on mourning.

The neutral countries regarded the occurrence as an agreeable diversion in the dull routine of life; a real grandstand affair; a pleasantly exciting gladiatorial show which could be witnessed with a comforting sense of physical security combined with that of moral superiority.

II.

TO-DAY our battle-front has been transferred, for the first time since 1066, to our own country. We stand in imminent danger of invasion by a foe who has sworn, quite simply, to exterminate us. So far, it is true, no force of his has attempted to effect a landing on our shores, but the peril is there, stark and real. Up and down our coast, and for many miles inland, death can and does descend on us from the skies at any point or moment. We all know what war is like now—and we are going to know a good deal more.

What is our general reaction to all this? Well, we are not good at expressing ourselves, or, for that matter, explaining ourselves, for the simple reason that we act and react, as a nation, very largely from instinct rather than reason. Fortunately our national instincts are exceptionally sane and sound: they have steered us to safety, by sheer dead reckoning, through many a tempest in our history.

To-day, I feel, the underlying attitude of the average man and woman in this inarticulate island of ours, translated into simple language, can be expressed in some such words as these:

"I am at this moment living through the most terrible phase in the world's history. Tragedy stalks abroad in Europe, and is extending to the farthest bounds of the earth. Already millions are suffering the extreme of human misery, and hundreds of thousands have died. Where I, or any of us, will be in a year I do not know. Nobody knows. The whole business is too shattering to bear thinking about."

"And yet—and yet—the very magnitude of the hurricane which rages about us has a certain majestic and inspiring quality of its own. It does things to you. It has snatched me, for one, from the uneventful level of my peacetime routine to heights—heights jagged and precipitous, but in a way sublime—undreamed of in my previous philosophy of life."

"To-day I find myself in the midst of events which, whatever the horror and suffering they involve, I would not, somehow, willingly have missed. I may die to-morrow—any of us may—but so long as I continue to live in these surroundings I am seeing Life in its true conception, the conception that life is a campaign, and not a picnic or a dream. In other words, however stern the experience that I may have to undergo, it will at least have been full and complete. I shall have lived."

That, I believe, is the spirit of our country to-day. Despite the horror and gloom about us, we are conscious in our hearts of a sense of high and gallant adventure.

III.

WE are certainly being shaken out of our groove. Things are happening to us every day, and may happen to anybody any day, which it would have surprised us even to imagine a year ago; and we are taking them in our stride.

We are now quite used to retiring, without fuss, to an air-raid shelter when the sirens go.

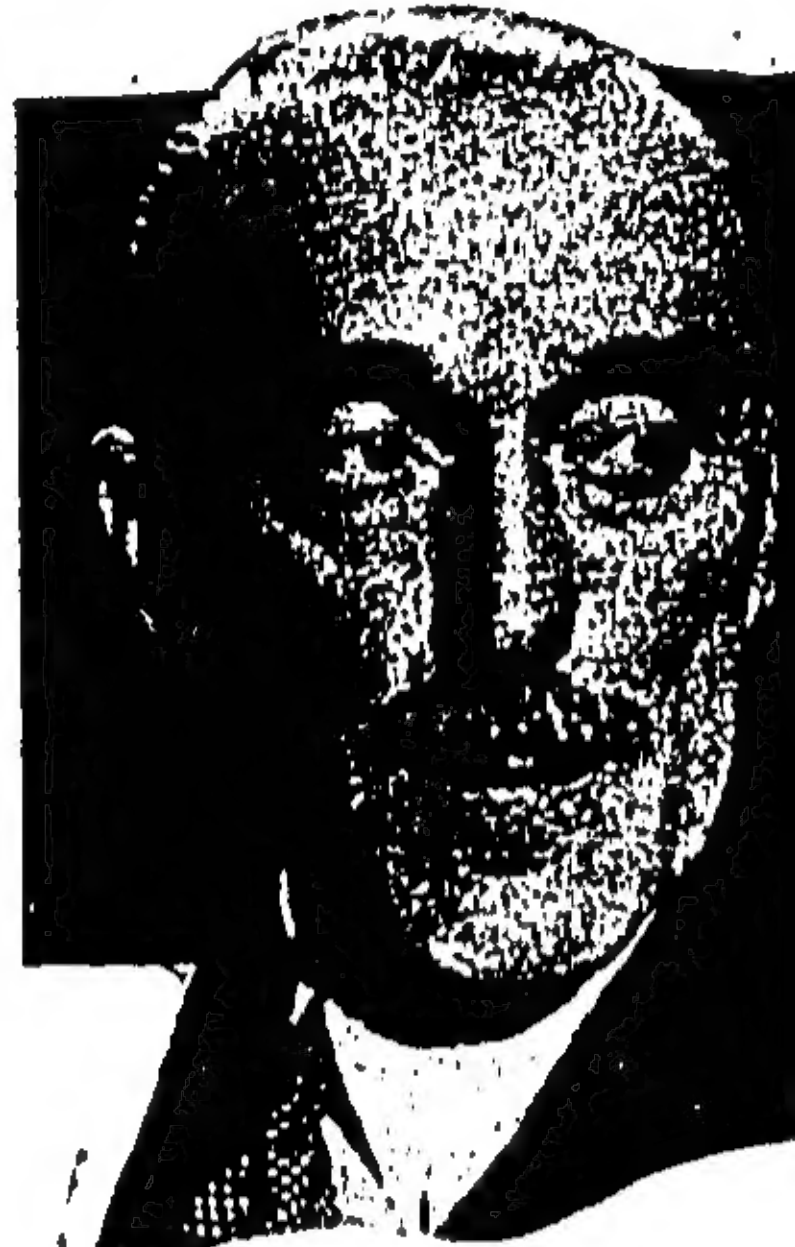
If we are parents, we philosophically accept prolonged separation from our children in the cause of the children's safety.

Our coastwise population are growing accustomed to the spectacle of men battling to the death in the air above their homes and gardens.

A walk along the front-to-day at any seaside resort would be a surprising experience for those who spent their holidays there a year ago. And again, perhaps it would not. When you live in a perpetual state of emergency, you just take things as they come and act as the requirements of the moment direct, "without any amazement," as they say somewhere in the Marriage Service.

Take another instance. A German aeroplane was shot down "somewhere in England." The airman landed by parachute just beside a little isolated house. A woman came out. She was all alone, for her husband was away at work. She walked up to the airman, took his revolver away, told him to put his hands up, and kept him prisoner until an escort arrived.

I wonder if she felt at all surprised at herself. Probably not: most of us, as I say, are just being surprised at anything now. Probably what does surprise her to-day is to find herself decorated with the Order of the British Empire.



At Dakar, again, in French West Africa, a motor-launch commanded by a British naval officer picked its way in the darkness of night through the boomed entrance to the harbour, and dropped depth charges under the stern of a French battle cruiser which must on no account be yielded intact to the enemy. The launch broke down almost directly after the dropping of the charges, and very nearly shared the results with the battle cruiser.

This time last year the officer was working as a stockbroker in London. He has certainly demonstrated to us how slight is the difference between half-commission and whole commission.

IV.

THE final and perhaps most striking indication of the temper of our people at this moment is the passionate eagerness of everybody to serve somehow.

The Auxiliary Military Pioneer Corps has absorbed an enormous number of volunteers of mature age. These have not only constructed countless roads, aerodromes, and camps, but have given a stout account of themselves, "on the side," in Flanders.

But the age limit here is 50, which is cold comfort for the 50-60's and 60-70's. So the Local Defence Volunteers, or Home Guards—a much better title—have come into being, covering all ages from 16 to 65. A million joined up in a few weeks. But you should hear what the 65-75's have to say about it all!

The fact is, it does not matter what our people are asked to do, or what occupation they can invent for themselves, so long as they can feel that they are helping somehow.

No sacrifice is too severe. Think what we should have said about a 7s. 6d. income tax 12 months ago! Now you are constantly meeting people who say quite indignantly that it ought to be higher. (I fancy they will not be disappointed.)

Again, ever since Lord Beaverbrook asked women to surrender their aluminium wares to expedite the manufacture of aeroplanes it has rained pots and pans. People only want to be told.

These may all seem trivial things, but they are not, especially when you add them together. They are the outward and visible signs of a united people and an invincible national spirit. If Hitler could read signs and portents he would be very, very frightened—and rightly. Perhaps he is.

V.

YES, our spirits are braced and our fists clenched. The most tremendous drama in the world's history has been staged, and the curtain has just gone up on Act II. Its scene is laid in England, and the Prime Minister has warned us that it may be a long one. But we shall not be bored, because every living soul upon our island will have a part to play. Some of us will sustain the burden of leading and arduous roles; others will merely "walk on." But we are all in the cast.

In the stalls and circle sit the rest of the human family, wondering how long they will continue to remain spectators. Higher up, in the gallery, tier upon tier, only dimly visible, you may discern those who will come after us, the generations yet unborn for whom we are giving our all to-day. When the drama is over, and the curtain has fallen at last, what will their verdict be? Win or lose, there can only be one: "This was their finest hour."

So here we stand. To-day, as individuals, we may not be getting very much out of Life, but we are certainly putting more into it than ever before. And that is what makes Life worth living.

HOR'S THE BEST!



"Yes, the water buffalo at the ninth must have been annoyed BUT—you've pinched our mug!"

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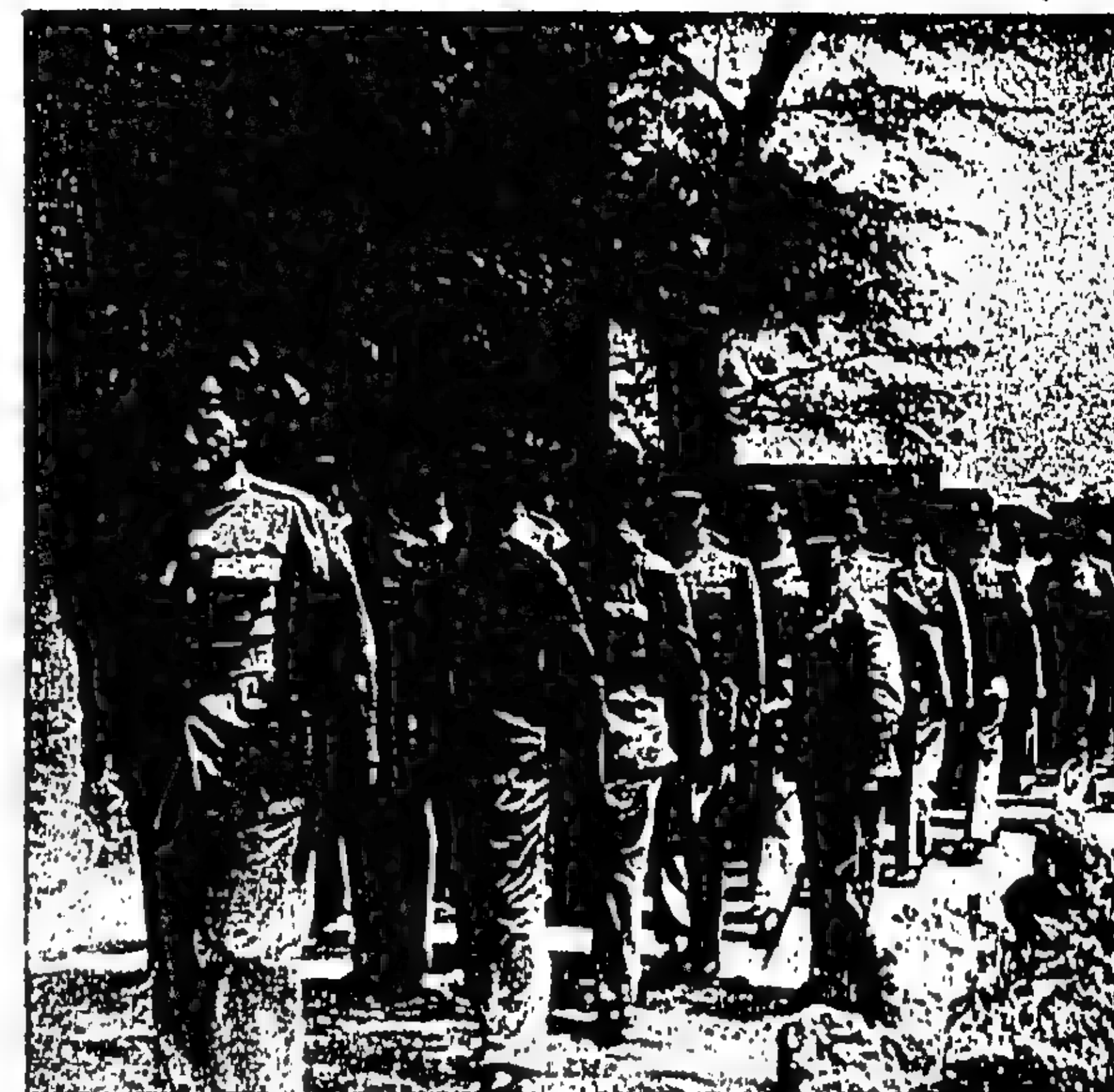
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DAY OF NATIONAL PRAYER



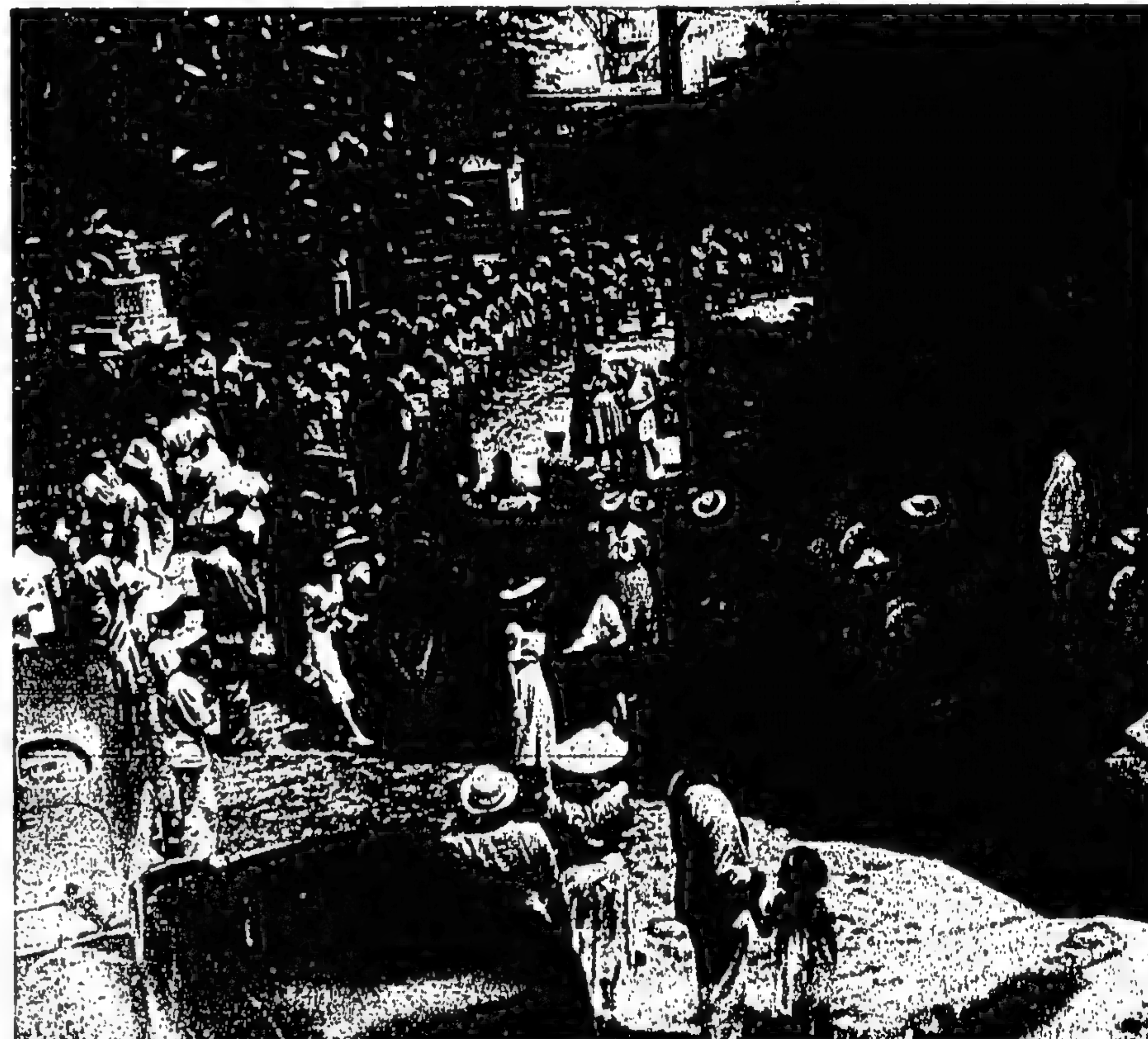
On Sunday a day of national prayer was held at all churches and was attended by military and volunteer units.

Above are pictures of the Governor, Lieutenant General Norton, arriving at St. John's Cathedral and of a detachment of volunteers marching to the church.

At the right is the scene at the church just before the service commenced.

At left are volunteers kneeling in prayer during the service at the Catholic Cathedral service.

The bottom picture at the left shows the scene at Volunteer headquarters Ming Yuen.



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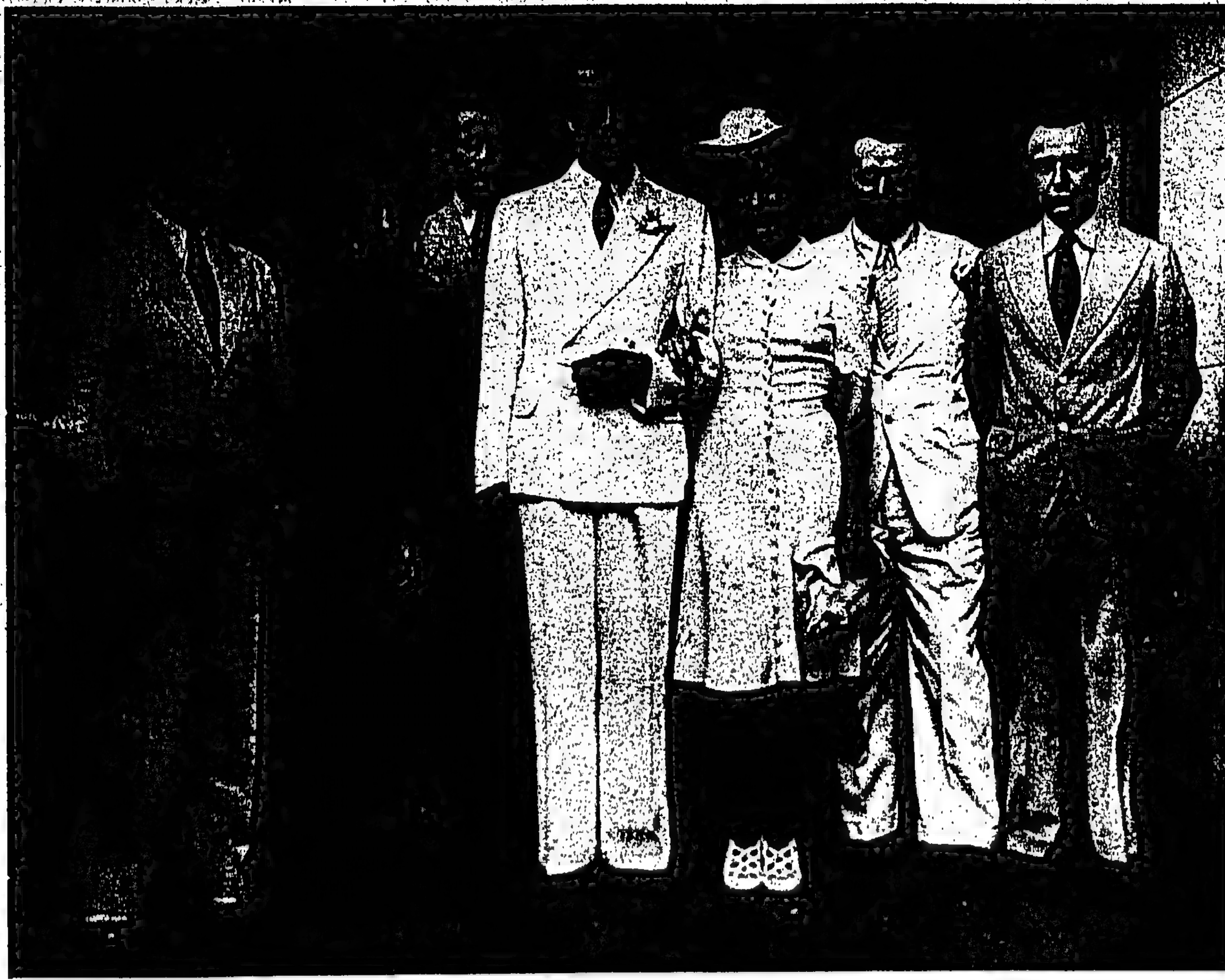


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McKENNA-MORGAN

Lieutenant H. A. Barnard, U.S.N., was married at the Registry on Monday to Miss Ann Marriner.—Ming Yuen.



BARNARD-MARRINER

Wedding group photographed on September 5 after the marriage of Mr. J. McKenna of the Hongkong Electric Co. to Miss Mabel Morgan of Newspaper Enterprise Ltd.—Ming Yuen.



KWOK -WOO

Mr. Kwok Hing-chung was married at the St. John's Cathedral to Miss Woo Lai-wah.—Ming Yuen.

K SHOES



A new K Shoe for Golf or Hiking.

Made with soft tan calf upper, no toe cap, soles and heels of heavy crepe rubber—as illustration.

\$39.50

less 10% cash discount

SHORT SPORTS SOCKS in plain colours and check designs.

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CHRISTENING

The infant son of the Rev. and Mrs. C. A. Higgins was christened at St. Andrews, Kowloon, on Sunday.

only ONE
Tonic Food Beverage
has all these advantages

Enjoys
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Is
universally
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by
doctors

The outstanding advantages of 'Ovaltine' are of particular importance now. For example, in these days of food rationing, the concentrated nutritive properties of this scientifically perfect food will ensure that the daily diet contains the essential vital requirements.

'Ovaltine' supplies the vitamins, proteins, carbohydrates, calcium, organic phosphorus, and other food elements required for maintaining health and vitality at the highest level. Then again—the exceptional nerve-restoring properties of 'Ovaltine' are of particular value to you in these nerve-wearing times. These properties are largely derived from the new-laid eggs liberally used in 'Ovaltine'. The eggs which 'Ovaltine' contains make it the complete tonic food beverage.

Remember that the proprietors of 'Ovaltine' go to the most unusual lengths to ensure the supreme quality of their product. The renowned 'Ovaltine' Dairy and Egg Farms, which are the among most scientifically conducted in the world, were specially established in the interests of 'Ovaltine' quality.

'Ovaltine' is made up to a quality—not down to a price. It would be a simple matter to cheapen 'Ovaltine' by altering the proportions of its health-giving ingredients and adding other substances. But the result would not be 'Ovaltine'. Quality and benefits such as 'Ovaltine' provides cannot be sold at a lower price. There is no substitute for 'Ovaltine'.

Is regularly used in hospitals everywhere

Has its own specially established Dairy and Egg Farms

That is why you should insist on
OVALTINE
Remember Ovaltine Sleep is Nerve-Restoring Sleep

BEFORE

This diagram shows the disturbed nature of sleep when 'Ovaltine' was not taken at bedtime.

AFTER

This diagram shows that sleep was much more restful when 'Ovaltine' was taken at bedtime.

A 3-year series of scientific tests on sleep demonstrated that 'Ovaltine' alone, taken regularly at bedtime, cut down tossing and turning and gave a feeling of being 'better rested' in the morning. Many other tests have proved the exceptional nerve-restoring properties of 'Ovaltine'. It is entirely free from drugs.

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The Little Colonel Who Understood The Germans

GRIM stories are being told of the arrogant bearing and behaviour of our Nazi prisoners of war.

Suggestions have been made that battalions of Polish troops would know best how to handle them.

The problem is not new. It arose in the last war, when it was solved by a mild-looking little colonel who understood the Germans.

A BATCH of 1,000 German have been appointed to control prisoners of war arrived at a Lancashire town in February 1915 to be interned.

They displayed all the impertinence of their race, laughing at the old soldiers who mounted guard over them and behaving in ways that caused some alarm to those living in the vicinity.

One of several Germans who attempted to escape was shot—he lies buried in the local cemetery—but this proved no deterrent.

The camp commandant was a good-natured British officer who was more than half sorry for his prisoners. He did what he could to earn their gratitude and respect, but, of course, failed.

HIS successor was an outwardly mild and placid little colonel about the size of the late Lord Roberts and trained in the same old Indian school.

Those who saw him arrive felt sorry that so amiable a gentleman—his principal Sunday occupation was taking part in Boy Scout activities—should

forward a man who had refused to perform his task and had even threatened the sentry.

"I do not appear to have made myself clearly understood yesterday," said the colonel. "Where is the N.C.O. in charge of this man's section?"

The German N.C.O. was brought forward and promptly sentenced by Colonel B. to two days' confinement with bread and water and a threat of further and severer punishment if any of the men offended again.

The real culprit was ordered back to his duty.

WHEN the German N.C.O.s grasped the fact that they were to bear all the responsibility for good behaviour and take all the punishment for misconduct they quickly made it clear to their men—with the aid of fists and boots—that they did not intend to suffer for the crimes of others.

In a very short time the only punishment being meted out in the camp was that inflicted on the men by their own officers.

A FEW months after Colonel B.'s appointment prisoners in a Yorkshire camp got out of hand. It was decided to send them to Colonel B.'s for some of his special treatment.

The new arrivals came through



the Lancashire town in high jinks, that "they would kick the life out of singing songs and seemingly greatly of any man who started any nonsense there."

They were a bit mystified when, immediately on arrival, they were drawn up on the parade ground and had the rules of the camp explained to them by the German N.C.O.s as the first.

In a few days the whispered words, "The commandant's coming," when those officers, not over anxious to take on new responsibilities, were told them in most forceful German silence.

By James Pygott

So Wendell Willkie Told Me...

"I DIDN'T believe it would happen," said the fighting leader of the Republicans, "and I've so much sleep to make up that I can hardly believe it has happened. But it's grand all the same!"

Wendell Willkie had just suggested a meeting with Roosevelt to discuss their plans for America. Puzzled New Yorkers were saying "There isn't any difference between the Republican and Democrat platforms."

"I'm all for meeting one's opponent," Willkie went on. "The more one knows about him the better. I aim to be prepared."

"What do you want most?" I asked him.

"To beat Roosevelt," he replied without hesitation. His head went back in a characteristic gesture, and his mouth turned up at the corners. He must be well over six feet, broad-shouldered, strong, but so quick of movement that he does not appear heavy. His voice is gay, forceful and immensely reassuring.

Bureaucracy Blamed
"That's only the beginning," said the big man with the definitely comforting manner. "I mean to get America going again."

"Business?" I suggested.
"Work," he retorted. "We've got millions idle and millions more too disappointed and distressed, and hampered by regulations and Government interference to start on their own."
"America has grown up on private enterprise and the initiative of the small business man. The 'New Deal' killed both. We've got to do the Lazarus act for thousands who could earn and produce if they weren't half-suffocated by bureaucracy."

NATURALLY, I wanted to talk about the war, but it was difficult because every member of the family with whom I was staying had different ideas.
The son, about 20, used to make me furious speeches. "If American Democracy and the British Empire winning. At present she isn't prepared to fight for," he said, "I don't see there's anything at all in life." He had refused a large bank account and run away to join the Canadian Air Force. One day, despite the crashing of his air dreams, he had secret schemes for volunteering as a gunner.

He Blamed Us
The boy's elder sister had married a Hungarian who thought the British had "let down" the French by not having immediate conscription—side of the Atlantic instead of ours. 17 to 70—in September 1939.
His younger sister was working over for a Red Cross unit formed over the seas and could only talk of "Alles straight out, 'What do you please fractures and gases which want?' and sending it as soon as she described with inaccurate relish, possible. But there have been too many promises which we could not appeal by the new taxation that he fulfil because we hadn't the material for ever warning his family of imminent disaster.
I remember Willkie saying to him, that we can't promise quick production. "You want to impress an English woman with that stuff. They've got used to having nothing left but their lives."

Turning to me he added, with that smile of his which is as good a weapon as Roosevelt's charm, "and your lives are out there you British have never had a chance."

America Thinks
"That gave me a chance," into the war I plunged.

The Worst Picker
"HAVE you ever met the President?" he asked me.
"Yes," I said.
"How did he strike you?"
"A brilliant politician, a mighty personality, a hurricane, a charmer who simply can't help charming, a genius for making enemies, a hampered by his lack in the form of per-

By ROSITA FORBES

the famous author-traveller, who has just returned from Canada, where she made 68 speeches for the National Council of Education about the war.

A few days ago she was in America discussing the situation with Republicans and Democrats. At a country house she had several informal talks with Wendell Willkie, Roosevelt's Republican opponent at the Presidential Election in November.



sonal ambition, an experimentalist, a man who would rather do the wrong things than nothing at all, change-able, adaptable, and, I think, sincere who might be able to stand a modern Roosevelt. With Franklin D. it'll be in his hatred of Nazi-Jam and his war. The rest are really trained for a whole of a fight—and I like a desire to support the Democracies, military police work. And you've fight.

but addicted to quick impulsive speech, who doesn't think at the moment whether he can carry out all his promises."

I paused for want of breath and then hurried on.

The One Gun

"No, I didn't hear that," said Wendell Willkie, "but it gives me a point."

For we should—with the best will in the world—let you down flatter Columnists?" I asked, and quoted than you let Abyssinia or the Czechs ago: "We don't have to fight down if we came in unprepared. Our Navy is pretty good; we have some fine pilots—but only a fraction of the machines we need; and the very much concerned, but if I am greater part of our Army is not elected they won't have a chance, trained to meet modern mechanical for I shall not fight."

A European Naval Attaché in the party put in, "We calculate you could beat any Democrat except able, adaptable, and, I think, sincere who might be able to stand a modern Roosevelt. With Franklin D. it'll be in his hatred of Nazi-Jam and his war. The rest are really trained for a whole of a fight—and I like a desire to support the Democracies, military police work. And you've fight."

only one modern A.A. gun in the whole of New York.

Moving Belt Army

"How long—" I began in what voice, for Willkie interrupted: "Don't get me wrong," he said. "America has all the machinery and the training for quick production. When Business comes in behind the Government and there is an end to all these quarrels between the White House and the natural leaders of industry our war output will go right ahead."

"As a nation we are keyed to quick training and quick change. We can put six million or eight million men into a war of defence, and if the country decides it can best defend itself in an advance line on your side of the Atlantic it will not hesitate. The moving belt system can be applied to men as well as machines."

Willkie has every gift in the way of appearance, manner and speech. He gives an impression of vigorous, stalwart reliability. He is young and vital and looks 38, not his 48. He has not the blinding charm of Roosevelt. He does not carry you away with impetuous enthusiasm. He suggests reason, sense and consideration.

Fifth Column

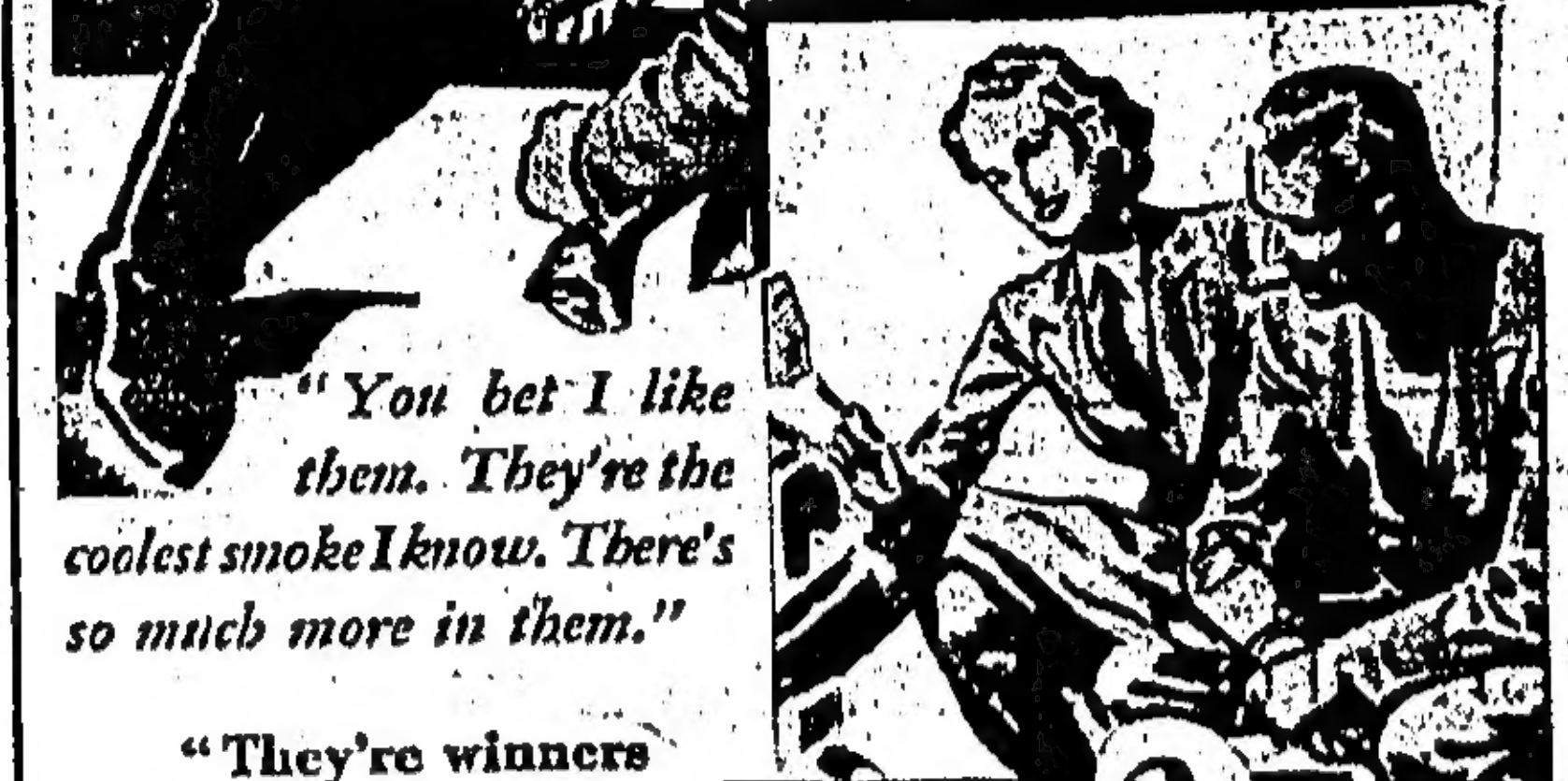
"Will you be elected?" he retorted Willkie, "I am of the machines we need; and the very much concerned, but if I am greater part of our Army is not elected they won't have a chance, trained to meet modern mechanical for I shall not fight."

"Will you be elected?" he retorted Willkie, "I am of the machines we need; and the very much concerned, but if I am greater part of our Army is not elected they won't have a chance, trained to meet modern mechanical for I shall not fight."

"I enjoy them best of all"



"We'd better wait here for the others—let's have a cigarette. I know you like these—du Maurier."



"You bet I like them. They're the coolest smoke I know. There's so much more in them."

"They're winners with me too, and it's all done by the filter tip—it stops all the heat and impurity. Result: good tobacco at its very best."



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NIGHT IN WANCHAI

HE was in search of a perhaps it did touch a raw spot nicely cooked beefsteak. A in their memories.

friend had told him that the best were to be found in the Wanchai district. He mean-

dered along the water-front scrutinizing dingy shops and stores, and carefully dodging the legs of street sleepers.

A waft of the cooking of luscious food suddenly tickled out while he's tackling this Hitler bloke.

The double swing doors of a brightly-lit saloon. He shoved them apart and breezed in. A crowd of men in different uniforms of the King's service were sitting round tables laden with beer. At a far corner were other groups deeply absorbed in digging knives and forks into huge, well-filled plates.

He had made to go across to them when he felt someone grab the tail of his jacket and a laughing voice say: "Come on, Mr. Churchill, have a drink with us."

HE looked round. A sailor had seized him. "I don't happen to be that distinguished man," said the newcomer.

"Never mind," said the sailor who was wearing a glengarry bonnet, "you look dashed like him. You'll do for the night. Sit down." A soldier now added the weight of his hand to the pull on the newcomer's jacket. "You're the first civvy we've talked to for a hell of a time."

"I'm looking for a beefsteak," said the man who was misnamed Churchill.

"You'll get that later. Sit in and have a drink."

"Please excuse me, not to-night."

TWO of a hardy bunch of men got up. Drew along a chair, and dumped the Prime Minister's expostulating effigy into it.

"Now, just enjoy this beer."

"As a matter-of-fact I'm really not taking any drink to-day," said the effigy. "You see I had one over the eight last night."

He thought this would produce a little fellow feeling, and

"It seems pretty big, judging from the way you're rushing things," said the man who was compelled to represent Churchill. "You must have been a long time at sea. Where have you been?"

"Now, now, old man, you can't pull that one."

"I suppose not. Walls have ears. Anyway, I expect your rush-

said the sailor. "We're not parting with you; you're our mascot. No picket or red-cap dare run us in as long as you are with us. They'll think the Big Boss has suddenly

pounced down on Hongkong from London, and we're his escort."

They were a clear, straight

eyed group of men. It was obvious that drink was not their daily form of worship. The mascot became somewhat resigned to being their victim.

A tall, little American sailor swung into the saloon. He carried a baton and wore yellow gaiters, signs of being on duty on behalf of his navy. He was on patrol. He manoeuvred skillfully among the chairs of revellers and went out to the back, presumably to obey a call of nature.

PRESENTLY he returned, and as he passed the mascot's chair that worthy held his glass of beer up to him. The tight lips parted in a smile. He shook his head.

"Where is your ship lying?" asked the mascot.

"At Yuamtai anchorage," answered the American as he answered the mascot. "That man has no secrets," said the mascot.

"He'll have plenty when his looked like one who might be found country comes into the war," answered the British sailor.

"Your lot have been swered the British sailor.

"Where is your battalion posted now?"

"You're telling me," he answered with heavy gravity. He took off the cap and handed it to its owner.

"Here, you'd shoot better if you wore made for the street. That man a bigger cap. That thing all burst your head in."

The effigy tried the gunner. He

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"Your lot have been swered the British sailor.

I. CHALMERS writes of a man who looked like Churchill—and sailors who wouldn't talk

"Now, I'll get my steak," He

trying to fit an artilleryman's cap on his head.

They placed him firmly back in his chair. "You're not finish-

ed yet. More beer, boy."

"No, thanks, I can't. It af-

fects my heart."

"If your heart is bothering you, by-and-bye you'll find a girl outside willing to fix that. Drink up. I've just had a pay-day."

Propaganda



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INSECTICIDE
BUT IT MUST BE KEATING'S



VIGNETTES OF LIFE

By KEMP STARRETT

Carol Left But Took Lupescu...

by
EMRYS JONES

WHAT is Lupescu going to do? She has left Rumania with King Carol. Reporters all over Europe, from Berlin to Rome, from Paris to Warsaw, get flashes from their home editors: "Watch for Lupescu."

The cocktail bar of the Athene Palace Hotel, gossip centre of tawdry, charming, sinful Bucharest, is excited too, yet if Magda Lupescu walked into the bar the chances are that few of the perfumed dandies there would recognise her.

King Carol's favourite, the most notorious woman in Rumania, is known by sight to very few. Among the best-known of the world's most famous dozen women, Magda Lupescu knows how to be discreet.

The emotional life of King Carol was hunting and gambling in the never dull, though he is no worse summer capital of Sinaia. Then he

than some other kings in this respect: he is only less discreet about his love problems.

They began in 1918 when the Rumanian Court, frightened away by the German invasion, shifted their quarters to the provincial town of Jassy. There he met a girl called Zizi Lambrin, and fell in love with her. Queen Marie, Rumania's other famous woman and the mother of Carol, tried to destroy the romance, so Carol married her.

THEN the courts annulled the marriage. Carol, furious, renounced his rights, but in a couple of years he was tired of Zizi, and the whole affair faded out, though a son was born as a reminder of it.

Queen Marie, the other important woman in Carol's life, told him to take a world tour and forget Zizi, the marriage, and everything else. He got as far as Switzerland, met Princess Helene daughter of the King of Greece, fell in love, and married her in 1921. So back home went the couple to settle down. However, they didn't live happily ever after, for two years after the marriage Carol met Lupescu.

With his clique of playboys he was hunting and gambling in the never dull, though he is no worse summer capital of Sinaia. Then he



● Full-lipped and Titian-haired

but she has passed beyond the stage where mere beauty makes news.

Consider her and her activities. She was the best-dressed woman in Bucharest, and who wouldn't be, say the pretty women cocktailing in the Athene Palace bar, on the £12,000 a year Carol gave her?

However, Magda was no poor, fairy-story-like girl suddenly becoming rich. Before she went into Magda Lupescu exile with Carol she came into a won Carol's love fortune that gives her over £3,000 almost at first a year. Plenty for a woman whose true tastes run to gardening and keeping chickens.

Magda knows about money, and with an income of £15,000 a year she needs to. Of course, most of the jewels came from Carol, though the story that they are part of the crown jewels is put about by her enemies to discredit her. It's not true.

AMONG her great friends are bankers, industrialists and financiers, and they will tell you that Magda knows enough about money and investments to make her opinions worth listening to. These friends make powerful friends and allies for Carol.

Then the army. She took the trouble to learn something about military strategy and organisation. This pleased the officers, and many of the high ones were her personal friends and therefore Carol's friends.

Politics. Carol is now regarded as a shrewd politician. The former playboy of European royalty is taken seriously. Put that down to the intelligent woman who has been his counsellor as well as his friend for fourteen years.

WHY hasn't he married her? He and she wouldn't. Lupescu knows that if she did that would be the end of Rumania's Hohenzollerns. This woman loves Carol too much to injure him or his house. Yet she was attacked in speeches and pamphlets sold openly in Bucharest.

Their lives in Rumania were quiet. Typical day: They lunch together, then go riding, afterwards tea at Magda's little villa in the Alea Vulpache; the tea habit Magda and Carol learned in exile.

They dined together twice a week, played cards afterwards with a few friends, or put on a film show at the palace.

Innocent enough, but the political consequences were considerable.

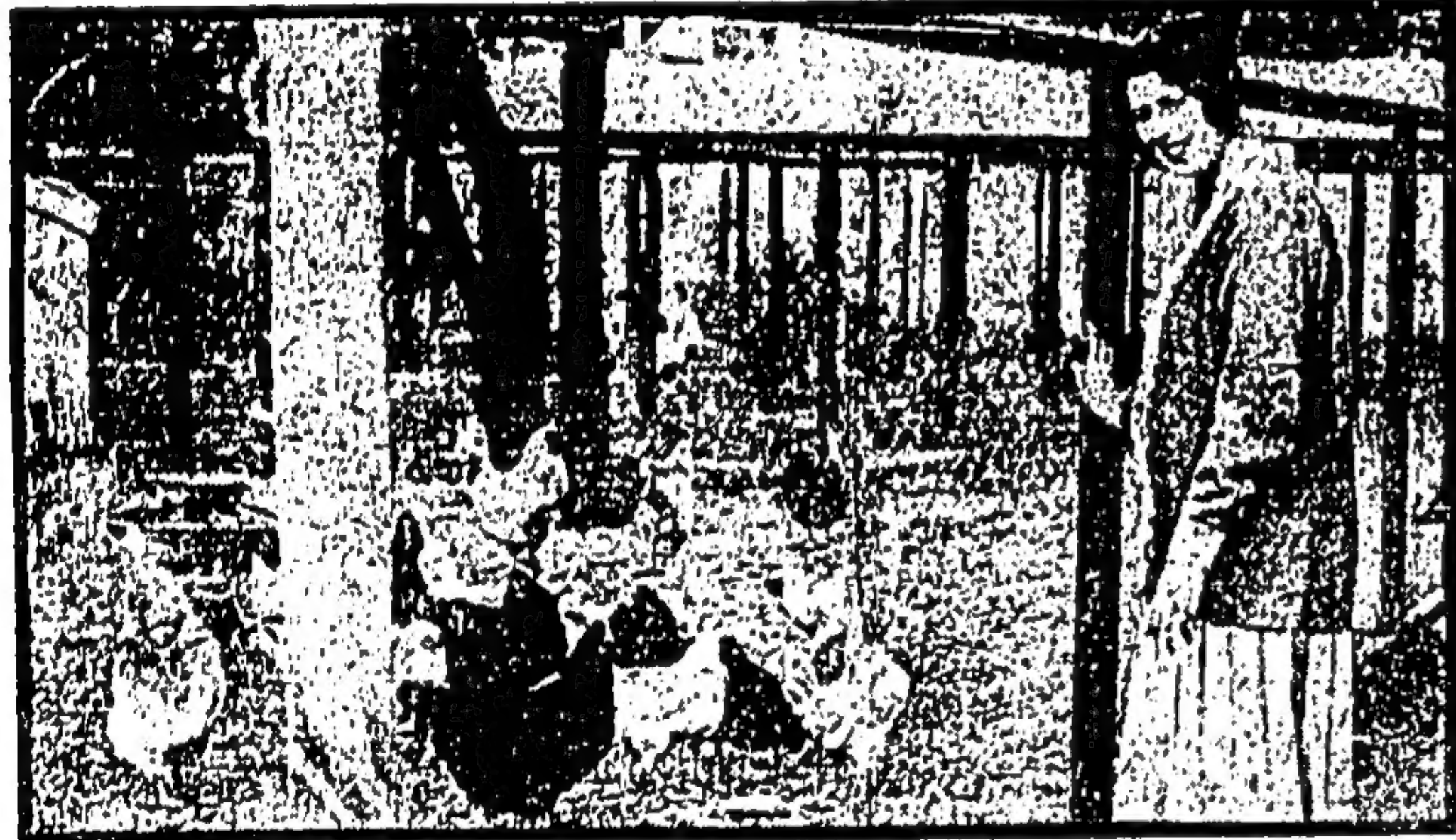
In Bucharest they talk about the battle of the two women. Queen Marie stood for the British-French alliance, so Lupescu was supposed to favour Hitler, yet she is half-Jew!

Lupescu, in her forties, is no longer beautiful. She is getting very plump, but she has passed beyond the stage where mere beauty makes news.

For fourteen years she has held the front page as one of the world's most important women.

Whatever happens now, anything she does in the future will send the reporters hurrying, be Topic A in the Athens Palace bar.

She's History.



Likes gardening and keeping chickens.

Picture taken when Lupescu was on holiday with Carol in Surrey in 1928.

A GIRL TAKES OVER A BUS

By A Woman Reporter

MEN bus conductors are heroes. **WOMEN** bus conductors are miracles. I know, I've just tried being one.

It seems that to be any good at this job you need the agility of an acrobat, the brain of a bookmaker's clerk, and oceans of patience.

Before I could ring my bus off at Sweeney Garage, Kent, there was a waybill to fill in.

All the top ticket numbers in my rack had to be noted and the time had to be filled in—12.25 p.m.

At five points on the route—between taking money, punching tickets, pressing bells, running up and down steps and noting our whereabouts—the new top numbers in my ticket rack had to be jotted down.

Every time I set my pencil to paper we swayed round a corner. Every one of these corners seemed to be a hairpin bend. It seemed to me that our speed was pepped up to about 50 miles an hour.

Passengers poured on the bus at a terrifying rate.

Apart from extracting their pence, trying to work out their change, at Stop 24 now, pulling tickets from the rack without tearing them, and punching holes in the right place while hurrying around in a fussy, fussy manner, I had also to remember that the bus would neither stop nor start unless the bell brain buzzed, I had an urgent desire to scream.

And all the time I had to keep mental count of the stops, to have some idea of our whereabouts. For instance, our starting place, the garage, is No. 1. The Kennels change the route names on the bus, are No. 4. The White Hart is No. 22.

Once you lose count you are lost unless you know the district.

These numbers also tell you the fare charges. There is a chart of them on the bus, with the names of the stops alongside.

"It's easy," said the instructor. "Fox and Hounds is No. 20. Hook Green is 34."

"Take 20 from 34, and you have 14. Divide that by two, and you have seven. Your change is 7d." Well, I tried that. But by the time I had finished my arithmetic the bus was three stops on (23 now), and a dozen more people had secreted themselves somewhere about my bus.

I went after them, calculating, trying to remember that red tickets are fourpence, purple ones sixpence, that "Penny one, Miss" means

"Three-half-penny one," that the waybill needs filling in, that we are

trying to work out their change, at Stop 24 now, pulling tickets from the rack without tearing them, and punching holes in the right place while hurrying around in a fussy, fussy manner, I had also to remember that the bus would neither stop nor start unless the bell brain buzzed, I had an urgent desire to scream.

Journey's end after 15 miles. I mental count of the stops, to have some idea of our whereabouts. For instance, our starting place, the garage, is No. 1. The Kennels change the route names on the bus, are No. 4. The White Hart is No. 22.

dra's funeral. After the funeral, Carol packed his bag for Milan. Waiting there for him was Lupescu, together they were going to Venice for a holiday.

From Bucharest came a peremptory message telling him to come home at once. It also said that his favourite was not to come with him. The penalty of disobedience was that he would lose his right to the throne.

Carol was furious. He said he wouldn't come home to Queen Marie and his father Ferdinand. The politicians got him out, said he had "abdicated."

Five years of exile began, with Lupescu ever at his side.

Then ten years ago Ferdinand died, and Michael, son of Carol and Helene, became king. He was then only six, so a regency took control. Queen Marie was not a member of it, but her second son Nicholas was, and she was satisfied things were going fine.

So she took time off to see the Passion Play at Oberammergau, and while she was away Carol chose to hop into a plane in Paris, fly to the capital, push his son off the throne and take the vacant seat.

What made that possible was that the boss of the ruling politicians had died, and the boss of the new clique wanted Carol back. No more than the old boss did he want Lupescu, but she came just the same.

The plain fact was that Carol could not live without her.

THE town of Jassy has some significance for Carol. Zizi Lambrin lived there. Magda Lupescu was born there.

Her father was a little Jewish chemist called Wolff, who changed his name because only a certain number of Jews were allowed in the professions. He met in Vienna a Roman Catholic girl and married her, so Lupescu is only half-Jew, though the old boss did he want Lupescu, but she came just the same.

Yet she is No. 1 on the Jewish murder list of the Fascist Iron Guard. Is that because of her race, or because she was a clever woman with immense influence with the King?

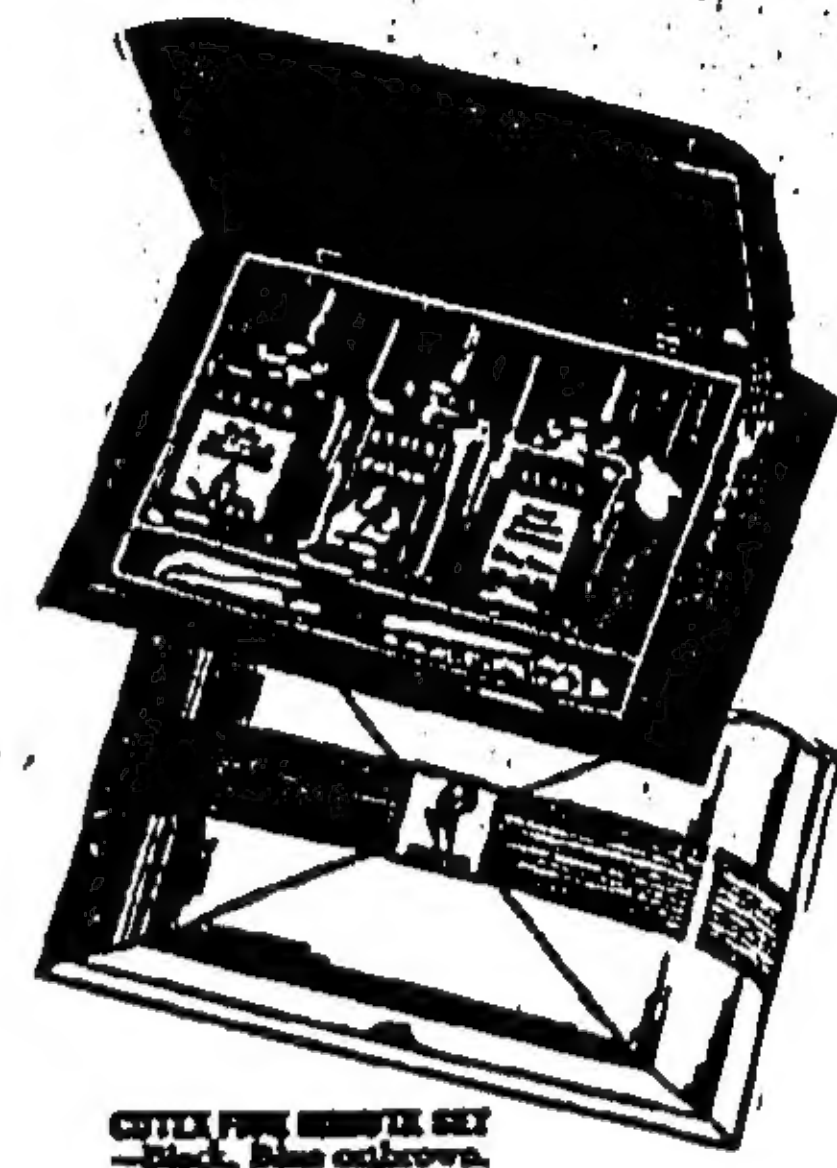
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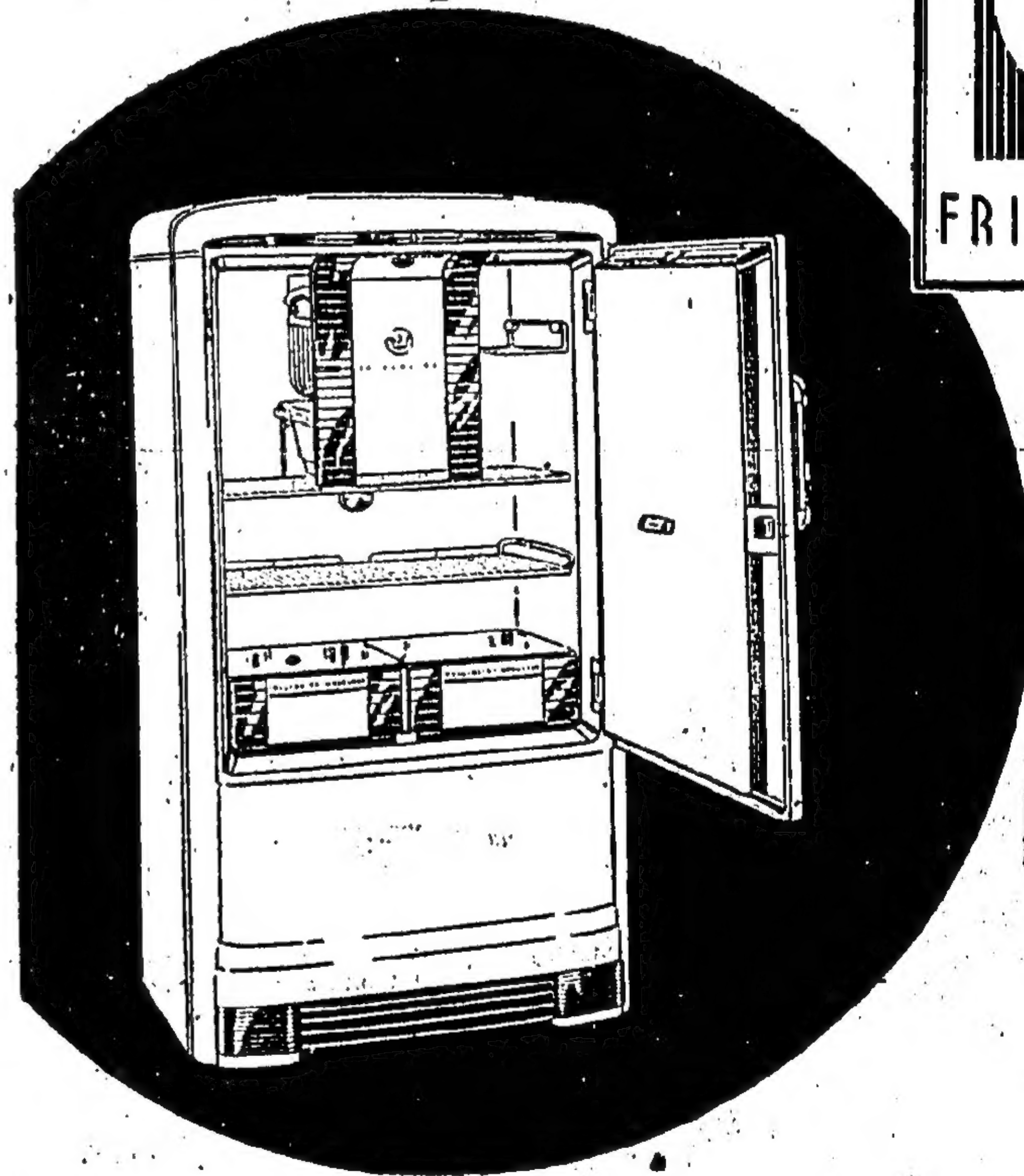
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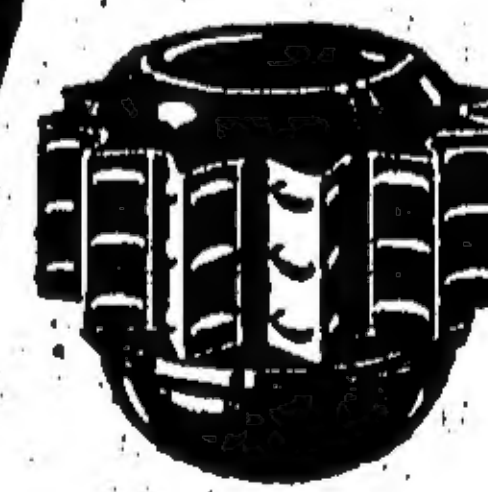
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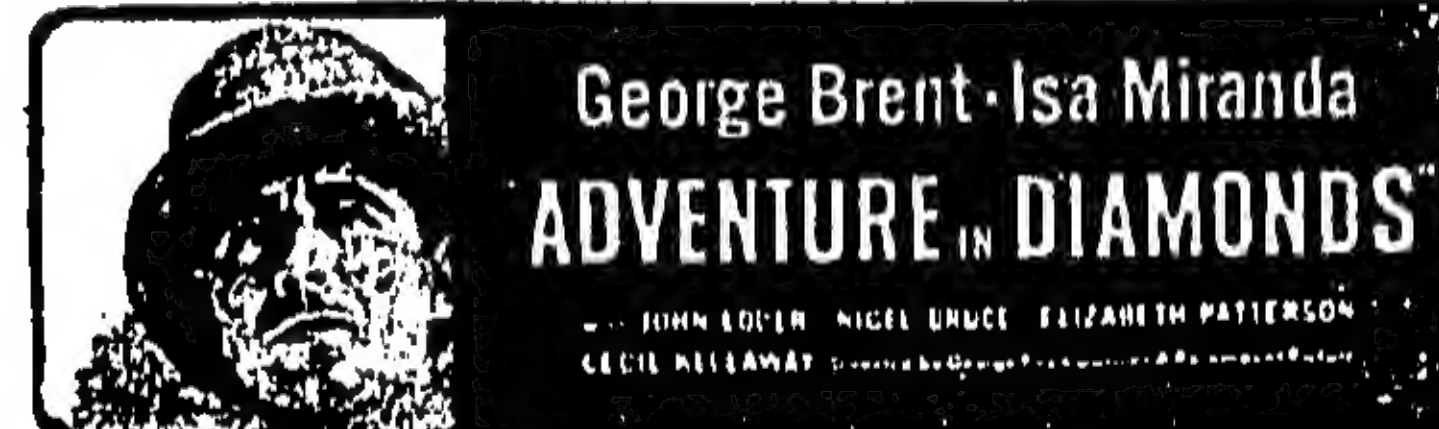
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CURRENT COMMENT By Scrutineer

IN some respects the violent attacks on London are a tribute to the excellence of our air force. Only three weeks ago Lord Haw Haw, who was heard clearly in Hongkong (contrasted the daylight attacks of the German air force with the night raids of the R.A.F.

His explanation was that their targets were so near, that their bombers whereas our targets were so distant that our bombers had to go unescorted and therefore had to proceed by night.

Why then have the Germans given up the daylight attacks seeing they enjoyed such favourable conditions? Obviously because their losses were so severe that they could not stand the strain. They had therefore to resort to night bombing.

But the Germans are not expert in night flying, they cannot find their way about so easily as our R. A. F. which was deluding the German people in the early stages of the war into the belief they were only engaged in the harmless task of dropping leaflets, whereas they were taking their bearings.

The toll taken on German factories, railway junctions, and dockyards bears witness to the excellence of their training in this respect.

The terrific air attacks on London in which hundreds of civilians have been killed and a great deal of property destroyed were not unexpected. It was never thought that the Germans would confine their attention to military objectives, since frightfulness has always been a cardinal principle of German warfare. Invasion of other countries with her vast armies fully equipped enabled the Germans to apply this policy in the past without fear of retaliation.

THE modern air force however cannot be contained within its own borders, so the frightfulness is no longer a one-sided affair. For the first time for many years German territory is open to invasion and daily the R.A.F. bring home to the German people the fact that the war is still on and is likely to grow more and more painful.

The object of these attacks is to destroy the will to resist, and are provoked by the successes the R.A.F. have had in the Ruhr where a third of the productive plant has been destroyed, and in many other parts of Germany.

Why the Germans should assume that the British people will be cowed into submission by these savage attacks it is hard to say. The only people whose determination to resist is destroyed are those who are killed, but their death strengthens rather than diminishes the determination of the millions of others who are left. HAD the Germans studied the reaction of the Chinese in this matter of bombing of cities they would have realised that a nation values its liberty far more than its property. In Britain the case is far stronger for the Germans have to pay a heavy toll for such attacks.

THE fierce attack on London made by the German bombers rouses the spirit not only of those who live there but also of those throughout the world who look upon the capital city as the shrine of English life and thought.

The Houses of Parliament are much more than beautiful buildings, they are the stronghold of that liberty of speech which is daily exercised by the representatives of the British people. Then St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey too are the outward symbols of the religious spirit which permeates the life of the Empire. These things belong to the English speaking world and not to London alone. When the foundations of St. Paul's some years ago were thought

to be insecure, the money needed (£250,000) to make Wren's structure safe was subscribed at once and came from every part of the Empire.

There are many other buildings there as much we would and could well do without. London will no doubt have to be rebuilt on more spacious lines, and the destruction of a great art of it, provided these ancient landmarks are not touched will not worry us, but the fact that their destruction is not attended with loss of life.

BERLIN on the other hand has nothing of this character. The Reichstag as a monument never did stand for freedom and still less does it do so now. There is no rich curve as in Regent Street, and nothing to compare with St. Paul's, or Westminster. The Unter den Linden owes its charm to its width and to its lime trees, certainly not to its architecture. The Prussian is not an architect but he has a feeling for beauty on the highways. Berlin like him, is hard and colourless, and like the Nazi could well be dispensed with.

THE transfer of the fifty American destroyers to the British navy will strengthen considerably its power to deal with the menace of the submarine which has become so much greater since the whole coast of Europe has passed under the control of the Germans.

They will also strengthen the blockade we have imposed on Europe. The transfer of land in Bermuda, Trinidad and other islands to the United States to enable them to establish air and naval bases for the defence of the Panama Canal is a further indication of the unity of aim, and the common political faith which the English speaking world shares.

THE American people want bases for precisely the same reason. The British want the destroyers, namely to ward off the menace of Nazism. That is the bond of the common detestation of the German system, the victory of which would destroy the foundations of the English-speaking world.

It cannot be repaired in the English-language and not catch that spirit of liberalism, of freedom and respect for individuals, which is the antithesis of the Nazi creed. That is the bond, which this exchange between Britain and America strengthens. It is based on the same love and the same hate. Love for those things which came to us through Magna Charta, the Bill of Rights and the Declaration of Independence and hatred of those forces in Nazism which would destroy them. The arrangement that the United States will add to the strength of each country in warding off and finally overcoming this terrible threat to all that is best in civilisation.

THE fact that the Chinese in the occupied provinces will have to observe the birthday of Confucius this month will do nothing to endure the rage to those Chinese who live in free China. So said a Chinese gentleman to me the other day.

I think it is true to say that there is not a single temple to Confucius in free China which is serving its original purpose. All have been turned into schools, into administrative buildings and into libraries and the status of the philosopher and his disciples have been discreetly screened and neglected. The modern student does not seem to be interested in the philosopher.

The Chinese Youth, for the moment, is more concerned with earning the new and easier processes of gaining his daily bread than in gaining that old knowledge by sweat and tears which at best led to good behaviour and made the ritual of life more important than the content of the substance.

THE study used to lead to positions of importance but not so now for the Government is more in need of engineers, doctors, administrators with a knowledge of economics and law, and bankers rather than philo-

sophers to whom the present unprepared state of the nation is so often attributed.

It is complained that the modern Chinese pupil either plays or sleeps while supposed to be studying his own classics. This may be due to the contrast in style—the West with its vitality, variety and emphasis on the national processes and on the practical and the East with its emphasis upon memorizing and the repetition of abstract doctrines.

But on the other hand it may be due to that most fatal of all obstacles to learning—a loss of faith in the value and utility of the study. Still, that does not mean that because the modern student has little time to spend on Confucius, that he is not therefore worth reading.

It merely means that the doctrine of "virtue, refinement and courtesy" which distinguished the superior man is not in harmony with the harsh cruel world of to-day. Some of the thoughts of Confucius however might well be studied with profit by our modern rulers.

WHEN a man's finger is deformed he knows enough to be dissatisfied, when his mind is deformed he does not know enough to be dissatisfied. That is called ignorance of the relative importance of things. The superior man thinks of virtue, the ordinary man thinks of comfort. The superior man is catholic in his views, is partisan and not catholic. When you hear words that are distasteful to your mind you must enquire whether they be not contrary to right.

In other words be grateful to your critics and suspect the "yes" men. This is an excellent advice for the dictator.

THE situation in Indo-China has been the subject of most conflicting reports. No one seems to know the real truth. In Kunming which is a hot bed of rumours it was impossible to find out what was happening. Optimism alternated with pessimism.

Frenchmen not in authority were certain that the French Governor General would not give way, and that the statement of Mr. Cordell Hull about America's interest in the status quo was an encouragement to stand firm.

Another rumour of September 4 was to the effect that within four days the Governor General would declare his loyalty to General de Gaulle. Then it was said the French had repudiated all previous agreement with the Japanese concerning the railway as the privilege which they had accorded of transporting wounded Japanese soldiers had been abused.

LARGE quantities of goods began to arrive in Kunming by railway, which suggested that the French were trying to meet the wishes of the Chinese. Then a German and Italian economic mission was said to be in Kunming ready to depart for Hanoi.

This was interpreted as meaning that the Axis powers were determined that Japan was not going to be allowed to get all the concessions in Indo China, the weakness of which was due to the request of France. Japan had not joined the Axis and was not therefore entitled to any plunder.

On the other hand the plane which left Kunming on September 4 for Hanoi had to return to Kunming presumably because of the disturbed state of Indo China. A French woman telegraphed three times in one day to her husband to hasten down to Hanoi as Kunming was not safe.

Either it was going to be bombed or else she thought that the French in Yunnan would have a bad time when the terms of the settlement were announced. French women and children did move down from Kunming by train last week because of the situation.

THE Chinese have no agreement with Indo-China regarding the co-operation of Chinese troops in case French resistance, but it is tacitly understood that if such takes place then the Chinese will act, by harassing the Japanese on the border of Kwangsi and Indo China.

Even now however no one knows what the exact position is.

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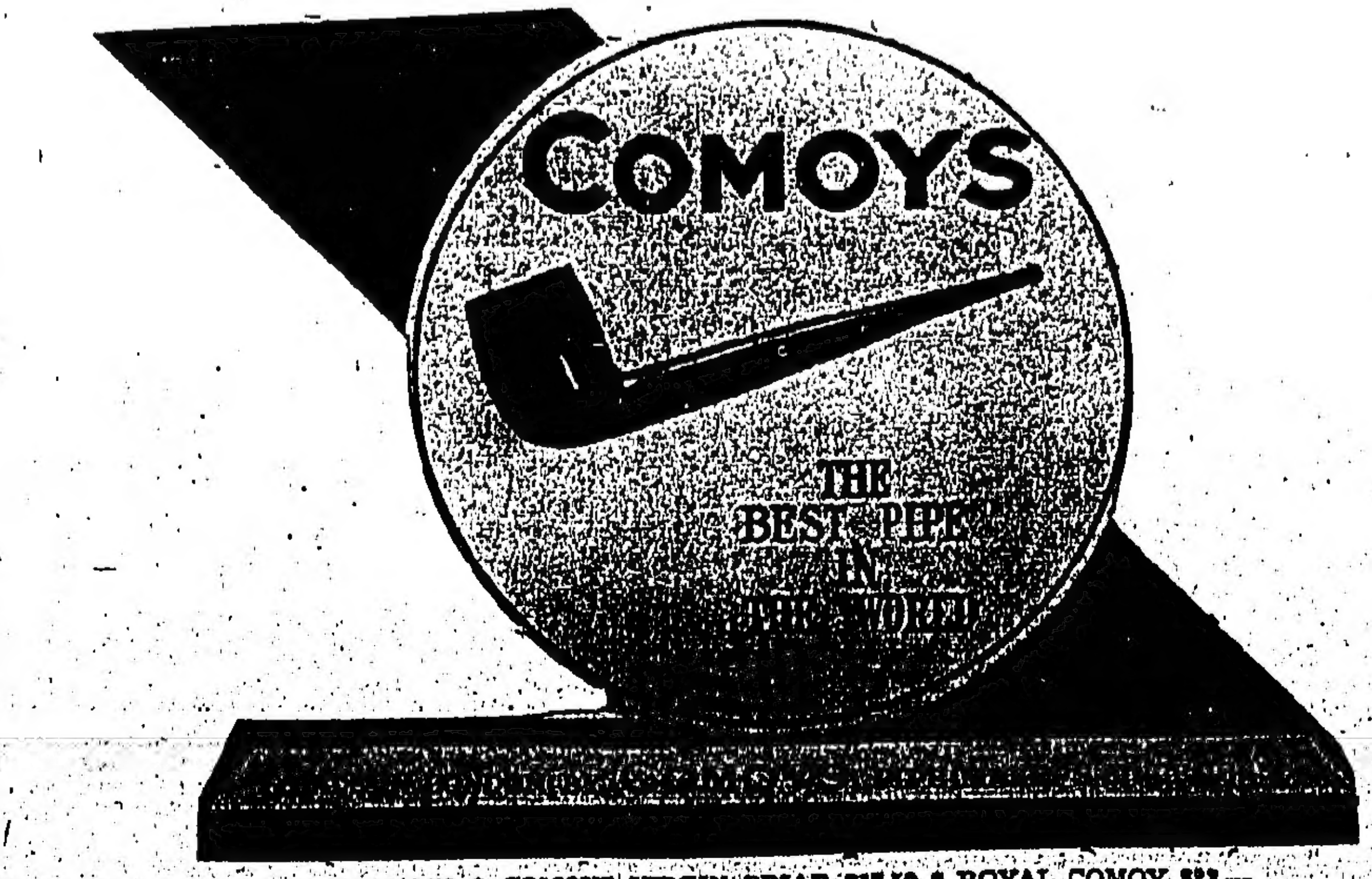
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